

Newport Mercury.

VOLUME CXLIX.—NO. 44.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 13, 1907.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,373.

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

A Disagreeable April.

The weather of April thus far has been about as bad as could be expected. The early part of this week has been especially trying and in consequence there are many severe colds and many persons housed with the grip. It has not only been wet and disagreeable but the temperature has been unseasonably low and snow has fallen at times. A very effective stopper was put on all outside work while the storms lasted and the season seems to be very backward.

Tuesday was about the worst day of the week. The rain fell in torrents during the greater part of the day and at times there were large flakes of snow. Newport did not suffer as badly as neighboring cities however as in Boston, Providence and New York there was a large amount of snow that accumulated on the ground. During the height of the storm there were two vivid flashes of lightning, followed by heavy thunder indicating that the center of the disturbance was close at hand. One bolt struck a large tree on the estate of Mrs. Arnold Hague on Beacon Hill. The other came down nearer the center of the city and was rather more serious in its effect. Miss Elizabeth Wheaton, a nurse at the Home for Friendless Children, was seated near a window at the Home. The sudden flash coming at a time when the sky was darkened by heavy clouds, proved a great shock to her eyesight and for a time she was completely blinded. A physician was called and treated her with the result that she is slowly recovering her sight but it will probably be some time before her eyes are again strong.

The highway department has been greatly delayed in its spring work, although a substantial start has been made. The steam rollers have been taken to the places where they will be used to begin operations and large quantities of crushed stone have been deposited on streets where depressions have been noted. There seems to be an unusual amount of work for the department to do this year on account of the unusual severity of the winter.

Another real daughter of the American Revolution passed away on Sunday in the person of Mrs. Presilla Earle Springer Giguere, who died at the town farm in Tiverton. She was a daughter of Knight Springer who served for five years during the war. She was the youngest of a family of 18 children and was born June 19, 1818.

At the last meeting of the representative council a committee was appointed to consider the matter of a revivification of the property owned in the city of Newport. This committee has met and organized by the choice of Andrew K. Quinn as chairman and proposes to begin work at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs and their daughter, Miss Blanche Oelrichs, will sail for Europe next week. Mr. Oelrichs will remain abroad about a month, but his wife and daughter will spend the summer visiting relatives and traveling on the other side.

William Ellery Chapter, D. A. B., held a whist at the residence of Mrs. R. Hammett Tilley on Hope street Wednesday afternoon, with a good attendance. Mrs. D. P. A. Jacoby won the first prize and Mrs. A. C. Landers the second.

Miss Jeanette Coggeshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Coggeshall of Middletown, will be married to Mr. Laurence Augustus Goffe of this city on Wednesday, April 24th, at St. Mary's Church, South Portsmouth.

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, O. E. S., held a whist in Masonic Hall Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance and some very pretty prizes. The chapter will hold another whist on the evening of April 21th.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton have returned from Florida and are occupying their cottage on Broadway. Mr. Lawton will devote much attention to the extensive improvement of his estate.

Mr. Marion McAllister Smith, formerly of this city, was here the past week. He spent a few days with his sister, Mrs. Augustus L. Wilbur in Middletown, and on May first will start for China and Japan.

Miss Katherine P. Wormely, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia at her home in Jackson, N. H., is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald O. Vanderbilt are expected home from Europe early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Lawton are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. Robert O. Bacher is able to be out after his serious illness.

Dr. and Mrs. Austin Flint, Jr., have taken a trip to Europe.

Methodist Appointments.

The sessions of the Southern New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which have been held in Fall River, were brought to a close this week. The announcement of pastorate was made on Monday. There were few changes made among the churches of this vicinity, nearly all the pastors being returned. Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, who has been pastor of the First Methodist Church in this city for four years, was made principal of the East Greenwich Academy, as was expected. His place is filled by the appointment of Rev. Joseph Cooper who for the last four years had been pastor of the County Street Methodist Church in New Bedford. Mr. Cooper came to this country from England, where he had filled some important pastorates, in 1894 and joined the Southern New England Conference in the following year.

Rev. E. W. Burch was returned to the Thames Street Church in this city. Rev. H. H. Critchley of the Middletown Church, and Rev. F. J. Follansbee to the Portsmouth Church.

Testing the Submarines.

The submarine torpedo boat tests will begin in Narragansett Bay on April 30, and a board of officers, of which Captain Adolph Marx is president, has been appointed to have charge of them. Orders have been issued to the Naval Training Station to prepare the course and have everything in readiness for the events. There will be two boats engaged and perhaps three. The lake, which is now in the harbor, and the Octopus, built by the Fore River Shipbuilding Company, are the first two entries. The tests will be for the purpose of determining which of the designs is best adapted for the needs of the navy.

The course will be one mile, and the test will comprise cruising condition, another with part of conning tower showing, and the third fully submerged with the top of tower not less than ten feet below the surface. There will also be tests of endurance and habitability, each vessel to remain submerged for twenty-four hours.

Rev. Nassau S. Stephens, the new rector of St. George's Church, was tendered a reception in the guild hall on Thursday evening. The rooms were very attractively decorated for the occasion. There was a large attendance including nearly all the members of the clergy in the city. The guests were received by members of the vestry and their wives and were presented to Rev. and Mrs. Stephens. There was an interesting musical programme and addresses were made by several of the clergymen present to which Rev. Mr. Stephens responded in a feeling manner. A collation was served.

Miss Marjory Turnbull will be married to Mr. Charles DeLoosey Oelrichs at the residence of Archbishop Farley, in New York, on Tuesday, April 18th. The bride will be attended by Miss Grace Chapin, while Mr. Albert Z. Gray will perform the duties of best man. Mr. Oelrichs is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs and both the young people are well known in this city.

Clan McLeod, No. 183, Order of Scottish Glens, gave a very enjoyable concert and dance in Masonic Hall on Thursday evening. After a pleasant programme of music and readings a collation was served and dancing was enjoyed to music by the orchestra of the clan. This was the third annual entertainment by this organization.

Mr. George Sullivan of this city died in New York on Monday from pneumonia. A widow and a child, who reside in this city, survive him. He was a member of Newport Council, No. 258, Knights of Columbus.

Mr. Frank M. Greenlaw, who was called to California by the serious illness of his brother, is expected home today.

Miss Sidonia R. Grandaal has been confined to her home the past week by a severe cold.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her daughter, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, are in California.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish will open her villa earlier this season than she has in times past.

Mr. Roderick McLeod is speedily recovering from his operation for appendicitis.

Rev. and Mrs. William Safford Jones have been in Boston for a few days.

Rev. Father Meenan sailed from Boston on Wednesday for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Spooner have gone to Providence to reside.

Mrs. Morris M. Curley is recovering from her recent operation.

Mr. James P. Taylor was in New York the past week.

Wedding Balls.

Congdon-Ready.

Mrs. Margaret Ready, daughter of Mr. Thomas Feeney of this city and Mr. Isaac Sherman Congdon, of Middletown, son of Mr. Daniel J. Congdon, of this city, were married at the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Providence on Saturday afternoon of last week. Rev. Father Austin Dowling officiating. The bride and groom were attended by Miss Mary Flynn of this city and Mr. John Nicholson of Middletown.

After the ceremony the bridal party went to the Westminster, where a luncheon was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Congdon will reside in Middletown.

McGrath-Agnew.

Miss Mary Jane Agnew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Agnew, was married to Mr. John J. McGrath of Boston, Rev. M. K. Reddy officiating. There was a large gathering present. The bride wore a handsome dress of white embroidered silk and carried a shower bouquet of roses. Miss Annie I. Agnew was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of flowered white silk, carrying pink roses. Mr. Richard J. Hayden of Boston performed the duties of best man.

A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Prospect Hill street and was largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. McGrath left early in the afternoon on their wedding trip and were given a lively send off. They will go to Dorchester, Mass., to reside.

Sullivan-Brennan.

Miss Nora Theresa Brennan and Mr. Patrick L. Sullivan were married at St. Mary's Church Wednesday morning at 8.30 o'clock. Rev. M. F. Reddy officiating. The bride wore a dress of white crepe de chine over white silk and wore a picture hat to match. She carried a bouquet of bride roses. Miss Bridget M. McCarthy acted as bridesmaid, wearing a dress of white voile and carrying pink carnations. Mr. Michael D. Sullivan was the best man.

A reception followed at the future home of the bride and groom on White street. The wedding gifts were numerous and handsome.

O'Connor-Murphy.

Miss Catherine O'Connor and Mr. P. J. Murphy were married at St. Joseph's church Wednesday morning. Rev. Father Smith officiating. The bride wore a dress of white nun's veiling, trimmed with Irish point lace and a picture hat to match. Miss Agatha Sullivan of Boston was the bridesmaid and wore a dress of white silk muslin over pink, with a picture hat to match. Mr. F. J. Murphy acted as best man. A reception followed at the future home of the young couple on Thames street, which was largely attended and where the many useful and pretty gifts were shown to the guests.

Quite a delegation of Newporters went to Providence on Friday for the purpose of giving encouragement to those members of the General Assembly who are standing firm for Senator Wetmore. The members of the delegation were equipped with white ribbon badges bearing the word "Wetmore."

The newly elected officers of Newport Lodge, No. 104, B. P. O. Elks, were installed on Thursday evening by District Deputy James L. Francey and suite of Providence. An entertainment followed the installation and refreshments were served.

The Brown University Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave an entertainment at Masonic Hall on Friday evening for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. building fund.

Steamer Priscilla left here Thursday for New York, where she will be hauled up on the dry dock to be painted and put in order for the coming season.

Sergeant David I. Scott celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of his birth on Tuesday, receiving many congratulations from his friends throughout the day.

Miss Beckley, daughter of Rev. Dr. Beckley, has finished her visit to friends in Newport and returned to Vassar College.

Miss Edith A. Barber, a teacher in the public schools, has been entertaining her mother, Mrs. Barber, of Townsend, Mass.

Rev. C. A. Stenhouse was a visitor at East Greenwich on Wednesday.

Mrs. John Nicholas Brown is at her residence on Halkett Hill.

Mr. F. P. Garretson has arrived for the season.

Miss Jeanette Swaeney is visiting in Baltimore.

The public schools re-opened on Tuesday.

Miss Alice Bull is visiting in New York.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, at which considerable business of importance was brought up for consideration. There was some delay in securing a quorum and when the meeting was called to order there were several absentees.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following:

The total enrollment for the month ending March 22, 1907, was 3,753; average belonging, 3,729; average attendance, 3,113.6; per cent. of attendance, 82.3; cases of tardiness, 336, and cases of dismissal, 65.

The enrollment in the Townsend Industrial School was 1,133.

Evening Schools.

The sessions of the evening schools for 1906-1907 closed Friday March 15, with the following statistics:

Elementary classes—Sessions 59, number of teachers 6, average number of teachers 4, pupils enrolled 135, average attendance 35.9, salaries \$516.35.

Bookkeeping—Sessions 39, teacher 1, pupils enrolled 24, average attendance 7.8, salary \$117.

Mechanical drawing—Sessions 39, teacher 1, pupils enrolled 43, average attendance 21.7, salary \$117.

Freehand drawing—Sessions 20, teacher 1, pupils enrolled 21, average attendance 6.6, salary \$60.

Cooking—Sessions 19, teacher 1, pupils enrolled 17, average attendance 6.8, salary \$57.

Typewriting and stenography—Sessions 19, teacher 1, pupils enrolled 25, average attendance 11.9, salary \$57.

Other expenses (light, fuel, supplies, etc.) \$259.34, total salaries \$924.32, grand total \$1,254.18.

Received from the state for evening schools, \$500. Cost of school from October 22, 1906, to March 15, 1907, in Newport \$754.16.

Finances.

The expenditures for March were as follows: Committee on finance, \$1,988.12; Committee on teachers, \$840.18; Committee on textbooks and supplies, \$257.14; Committee on buildings, \$1,112.06; total, \$1,179.10; balance in treasury, \$754.72.

Funds.

The name of the museum suggests the generous son of Louis Agassiz who has three times aided the city and twice the Townsend Industrial School. Three gifts of \$5,000, \$500 and \$500 have enabled this department to equip very satisfactorily the laboratories. Of the \$5,000 there is a balance of \$932.36 on hand. Of the two gifts of \$500 and \$500 given to the Townsend Industrial School there is an unexpected balance of \$15.14. All fields of industry and science are developing so fast that it is not only expensive but difficult to keep in touch with the rapid progress, and therefore other gifts from any sources are welcome.

Fire Drills.

The numerous fires in school buildings during the past winter and the almost universal escape of the children because of their fire drills have emphasized the value of being in a constant state of preparation for such emergencies. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the excitement of a real fire may cause sad results, but a constant effort is being made to anticipate any danger due to this cause. The Coddington is the building which is the most dangerous, for although the pupils are safeguarded by stair-cases at both ends of every corridor, yet four large rooms are on the third floor. There are also fire escapes, but the teachers would dislike to trust the pupils to them even as an experiment.

Newport Historical Society. Through the librarian, R. Hammett Tilley, the pupils of the history classes and their teachers have been cordially invited to visit and inspect the rooms of this society. The teachers should see that this kind of invitation is generally accepted.

Athletics.

The owners of the so-called Gam-mell lot at the corner of Annandale road and Parker avenue have kindly given the Rogers ball team permission to use it during the coming season. No rent will be charged, but the athletic association must agree to pay for all damages. This is a great favor on the part of the proprietor and deserves the thanks of this department. The fact that the association is dependent on the good will of those who have no direct personal interest in the schools shows the need of school playgrounds owned and controlled by the city.

Absence from Buildings. In accordance with the general sentiment at the last regular meeting a note was sent to all principals and janitors asking the principals to make use of section 8 of chapter X of the rules and Regulations only in case of pressing need, asking the janitors to observe faithfully section 6 of the same chapter except in urgent cases, and notifying both that the office would make the fewest possible calls for assistance.

The report of Trust Officer Topham contained the following: Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 120; number out for illness and other causes, 110; number of cases of truancy (public, 11; parochial, 2); number of different children truant, 13; number found not attending school, 2; number sent to public schools, 2; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under the new law, 2.

The woman and the boy whose names were presented for prosecution at your last meeting, I am pleased to state are now complying with the law.

After some discussion it was voted to ask the city solicitor if the board of aldermen had the right to refuse payment of a bill contracted and approved by the school committee. This question was raised because of the action of the board of aldermen in disapproving

the bill for carrying typewriters from the Rogers to the Townsend buildings and back.

The matter of wiring at the Rogers High School was brought up and Mr. E. A. Sherman presented a report from Warren B. Lewis, consulting engineer, which was read. The report stated that the wiring did not conform in all particulars with the specifications; he cited a number of instances of variation. The wiring was also compared to the specifications of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. There was some discussion of the matter, but in the absence of the architect, who is now in California, there seemed to be no redress at hand. The committee on buildings was directed to secure an estimate of the cost of making the wiring conform to the specifications of the underwriters.

The Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis was given permission to distribute a leaflet in the schools. The teachers of the Carey school were given permission to hold an evening at which in the Rogers gymnasium on the evening of April 18 for the benefit of the Teachers' Retirement Fund.

Recent Deaths.

Mary Buffum.

Miss Mary Buffum died at her home on Bull street at a late hour Monday night from the effects of a fall last week, when she broke one of the bones in her leg. A complication followed the fall and she was not able to survive the shock.

Miss Buffum had been engaged in charitable work about the city for many years. She was a daughter of the late Thomas E. and Lydia R. (Potter) Buffum. Her father, grandfather and great grandfather were all prominent men in this community, being of Quaker ancestry.

Miss Buffum was a native of Middletown, having been born on the Buffum Farm near the Two Mills Corner. Three brothers survive her: David Buffum of Providence, William P. Buffum of this city and Edward Buffum of Boston.

Miss Buffum associated herself some years ago with the United Congregational Church and was deeply interested in its welfare.

Chief Boatswain Hugh Sweeney, who has been superintendent of the government landing for some time, has been detached from that post and assigned to duty on the training brig Boxer. Mate M. J. Maher will be transferred from the Training Station to the government landing.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Molden, formerly of this city, but now of New York, are spending their vacation in Middletown, guests of Mr. Molden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Molden on Third Beach Road.

The residence of Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt in the town of Portsmouth will be greatly enlarged, work being begun very soon. A large addition will be built to the original farm house.

Among the visitors at the State House in Providence on Wednesday were Mayor William P. Clarke and Chief of Police James R. Crowley of this city.

More steel has been received at the Stone Bridge and the structure is being rushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

Miss Martha Buffum was called here from New York by the death of her aunt, Miss Mary Buffum.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon King have opened their villa for the summer.

Election of Officers.

Young Men's Republican Club.

The annual meeting of the Young Men's Republican Club was held on Tuesday evening. Annual reports were received and the treasury was found to have a very substantial balance. The annual election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Robert S. Burlington.
Vice President—Alvin H. Salmon.
Secretary—Edward A. Sherman.
Treasurer—William L. Burke.

Newport County Club.

President—William F. Clarke.
Vice President—Cyril S. Maciel.
Secretary—Alvin H. Salmon.
Treasurer—Robert Morley.
Collector—Theophilus Topham.
House Committee—James P. Scarborough, Dwight L. West, Fred G. Farmer.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor, as Trustee for the Beattie Farm, at the corner of Beacon street, West Main road, Middletown, has rented it for a year to Alexander Campbell, some 13 acres, for agricultural purposes.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold 1000 feet of land at the north end of a site on Prairie Avenue, which runs between Catherine street and Kay street, to Mrs. Horgan, making a frontage on Prairie avenue of 150 instead of 140 feet.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented lower half of No. 8, Barney street, to G. G. Williams, to Jacob K. Ziesel, yeoman at U. S. Training Station.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening when a number of important matters were brought up for consideration. The weekly pay rolls of the various departments were approved without much comment.

There was a discussion of the matter of city advertising in the local papers and it was finally voted that hereafter all advertising from the city should be awarded to the lowest bidder. Bids were opened for the care of the Jewish cemetery and synagogue grounds but as there was a slight hitch they were referred to the Mayor for further investigation. Bids were opened for painting in the offices in the City Hall, estimates being received from Dorey & Ward, Dring & Smith and Wright Brothers, and the contract was awarded to Dorey & Ward for \$190.

The petition of the Western Union Telegraph Company for permission to lay an underground cable was granted after consultation with the chief engineer of the fire department. There was some discussion as to the duties of the superintendent of electric wires and the board decided that all petitions for location of new poles should be referred to the board but that the superintendent could grant permission for replacing old poles or changing them for a distance of a foot or so, and for strutting additional wires on old poles.

Alderman Cottrell was appointed a committee to investigate the condition of the piling at the Ann street pier. A communication was read from the Combination Ladder Company in regard to the contract for hose for the fire department, stating that they had no agents for the brand of hose desired by the city.

Emma Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, celebrated their sixth anniversary on Thursday evening, with an interesting programme of music, reading and recitations. A collation was served. The Lodge is furnishing the parlor in the new Odd Fellows home in Providence, all the furnishings being purchased of the A. C. Titus Company here and shipped to Providence.

Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., who was operated upon for appendicitis last week by Dr. Darrah, has made a steady gain and is now on the high road to recovery. His case was regarded as very serious indeed but there seems now every indication that rapid convalescence is ahead of him.

The Prisoner of Zenda

By...
ANTHONY HOPE

Copyrighted, 1894, 1896, by Henry Holt & Company

CHAPTER XVIII.

The position wherein I stood does not appear very favorable to thought, yet for the next moment or two I thought profoundly. I had, I told myself, secured one point. Be Rupert Hentzau's errand what it might and the villainy he was engaged on what it would, I had secured one point. He was on the other side of the moat from the king, and it would be by no fault of mine if ever he set foot on the same side again. I had three left to deal with—two on guard and De Gauteuf in his bed. Ah, if I had the keys! I would have risked everything and attacked Detchard and Bersonin before their friends could join them. But I was powerless. I must wait till the coming of my friends enticed some one to cross the bridge—some one with the keys. And I waited, as it seemed, for half an hour, really for about five minutes, before the next act in the rapid drama began.

All was still on the other side. The duke's room remained inscrutable behind its shutters. The light burned steadily in Mme. de Mauban's window. Then I heard the faintest, faintest sound. It came from behind the door which led to the drawbridge on the other side of the moat. It but just reached my ear, yet I could not be mistaken as to what it was. It was made by a key being turned very carefully and slowly. Who was turning it? And of what room was it the key? There leaped before my eyes the picture of young Rupert, with the key in one hand, his sword in the other and an evil smile on his face. But I did not know what door it was nor in which of his favorite pursuits young Rupert was spending the hours of that night.

I was soon to be enlightened, for the next moment—before my friends could be near the chateau door—before Johann, the keeper, would have thought to nerve himself for his task—there was a sudden crash from the room with the lighted window. It sounded as though some one had hung down a lamp, and the window went dark and black. At the same instant a cry rang out, shrill in the night: "Help, help! Michael, help!" and was followed by a shriek of utter terror.

I was tingling in every nerve. I stood on the topmost step, clinging to the threshold of the gate with my right hand and holding my sword in my left. Suddenly I perceived that the gateway was broader than the bridge. There was a dark corner on the opposite side where a man could stand. I darted across and stood there. Thus placed I commanded the path, and no man could pass between the chateau and the old castle till he had tried conclusions with me.

There was another shriek. Then a door was flung open and clanged against the wall, and I heard the handle of a door savagely twisted. "Open the door! In God's name, what's the matter?" cried a voice, the voice of Black Michael himself.

He was answered by the very words I had written in my letter: "Help, Michael—Hentzau!" A fierce oath rang out from the duke, and, with a loud thud, he threw himself against the door. At the same moment I heard a window above my head open, and a voice cried, "What's the matter?" and I heard a man's hasty footsteps. I grasped my sword. If De Gauteuf came my way the Six would be less by one more.

Then I heard the clash of crossed swords and a tramp of feet, and—I cannot tell the thing so quickly as it happened, for all seemed to come at once. There was an angry cry from madame's room, the cry of a wounded man. The window was flung open. Young Rupert stood there, sword in hand. He turned his back, and I saw his body go forward to the lunge.

"Ah, Johann, there's one for you! Come on, Michael!" Johann was there, then—come to the rescue of the duke! How would he open the door for me, for I feared that Rupert had slain him?

"Help!" cried the duke's voice, faint and husky. I heard a stir on the stairs above me, and I heard a stir down to my right in the direction of the king's cell. But before anything happened on my side of the moat I saw five or six men round young Rupert in the embrasure of madame's window. Three or four times he lunged with incomparable dash and dexterity. For an instant they fell back, leaving a ring round him. He leaped on the parapet of the window, laughing as he leaped, and waving his sword in his hand. He was drunk with blood, and he laughed again wildly as he flung himself headlong into the moat.

What became of him then? I did not see, for as he leaped De Gauteuf's lean face looked out through the door by me, and without a second's hesitation I struck at him with all the strength God had given me, and he fell dead in the doorway without a word or a groan. I dropped on my knees by him. Where were the keys? I found myself muttering, "The keys, man, the keys!" as though he had been yet alive and could listen, and when I could not find them I—God forgive me!—I believe I struck a dead man's face. At last I had them. There were but three. Seizing the largest, I felt the lock of the door that led to the cell. I fitted in the key. It was right. The lock turned. I drew the door close behind me and locked it as noiselessly as I could, putting the key in my pocket.

I found myself at the top of a flight

and stood listening again: would have given the world to hear Sapt's voice, for I was faint, spent and weary. And that without Rupert Hentzau was yet at large in the castle. Yet, because I could better defend the narrow door at the top of the stairs than the wider entrance to the room, I dragged myself up the steps and stood behind the door.

What was the sound? Again a strange one for the place and the time. An easy, scornful, merry laugh, the laugh of young Rupert Hentzau! I could scarcely believe that a sane man would laugh. Yet the laugh told me that my men had not come, for they must have shot Rupert ere now if they had come. And the clock struck half past two. My God, the door had not been opened! They had gone to the bank! They had not found me! They had gone by now back to Turinheim with the news of the king's death—and mine. Well, it would be true before they got there. Was not Rupert laughing in triumph?

For a moment I sank unnerved against the door. Then I started up alert again, for Rupert cried scornfully:

"Well, the bridge is there! Come over it! And in God's name let's see Black Michael keep back you curs! Michael, come and fight for her!"

If it were a three-cornered fight I might yet hear my part. I turned the key in the door and looked out.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR a moment I could see nothing, for the glare of lanterns and torches caught me full in the eyes from the other side of the bridge. But soon the scene grew clear, and it was a strange scene. The bridge was in its place. At the far end of it stood a group of the duke's servants. Two or three carried the lights which had dazzled me; three or four held pikes in rest. They were huddled together; their weapons were protruded before them; their faces were pale and agitated. To put it plainly, they looked in as ardent a fright as I have seen men look, and they gazed apprehensively at a man who stood in the middle of the bridge, sword in hand. Rupert Hentzau was in his trousers and shirt. The white linen was stained with blood, but his easy, buoyant pose told me that he was himself either not touched at all or merely scratched. There he stood, holding the bridge against them and daring them to come on, or, rather, bidding them and Black Michael to him, and they, having no firearms, covered before the desperate man and dared not attack him. They whispered to one another, and in the backmost rank I saw my friend Johann leaning against the portal of the door and standing with a handkerchief to his forehead, as if he were wounded in his cheek.

By marvelous chance I was master. The cravens would oppose me no more than they dared attack Rupert. I had but to raise my revolver to send him to his account with his sins on his head. He did not so much as know that I was there. I did nothing—why, I hardly knew to this day. I had killed one man stealthily that night and another by luck rather than skill—perhaps it was that. Again, villain as the man was, I did not relish being one of a crowd against him—perhaps it was that. But stronger than either of these restraining feelings came a curiosity and a fascination which held me spellbound, watching for the outcome of the scene.

"Michael, you dog! Michael! If you can stand, come on!" cried Rupert. And he advanced a step, the group shrinking back a little before him.

The answer to his taunts came in the wild cry of a woman: "He's dead! My God, he's dead!"

"Dead!" shouted Rupert. "I struck better than I knew!" and he laughed triumphantly. Then he went on: "Down with your weapons there! Pin your master now! Down with them, I say!"

I believe they would have obeyed, but as he spoke came new things. First there arose a distant sound, as of shouts and knockings from the other side of the chateau. My heart leaped. It must be my men, come by a happy disobedience to seek me. The noise continued, but none of the rest seemed to heed it. Their attention was chained by what now happened before their eyes. The group of servants parted, and a woman staggered on to the bridge. Antoinette de Mauban was in a loose white robe, her dark hair streamed over her shoulders, her face was ghastly pale, and her eyes gleamed wildly in the light of the torches. In her shaking hand she held a revolver, and as she tottered forward she fired at Rupert Hentzau. The ball missed him and struck the woodwork over my head.

"Faith, madam," laughed Rupert, "had your eyes been no more deadly than your shooting I had not been in this scrape nor Black Michael in the lower regions tonight!"

She took no notice of his words. With a wonderful effort she calmed herself till she stood still and rigid. Then very slowly and deliberately she began to raise her arm again, taking most careful aim.

He would be mad to risk it. He must rush on her, chancing the bullet, or retreat toward me. I covered him with my weapon.

He did neither. Before she had got her aim he bowed in his most graceful fashion, cried, "I can't kill where I've kissed," and before she or I could stop him laid his hand on the parapet of the bridge and lightly leaped into the moat. At the very moment I heard a rush of feet and a voice I knew—Sapt's—cry, "God, it's the duke—dead!" Then I knew that the king needed me no more, and, throwing down my revolver, I sprang out on the bridge. There was a cry of wild wonder, "The king!" and then I, like Rupert Hentzau, sword in hand, vaulted over the parapet, intent on flushing my quarrel with him where I saw his curly head fifteen yards off in the water of the moat.

I swam swiftly and easily. I was weary and cold, but I could not gain on him. For a time I made no sound, but as we rounded the corner of the old keep I cried:

"Stop, Rupert! Stop!"

I saw him look over his shoulder, but he swam on. He was under the bank now, searching, as I guessed, for a spot that he could climb. I knew there to be none, but there was my rope, which would still be hanging where I had left it. He would come to where it was before I could. Perhaps he would miss it; perhaps he would find it, and if he drew it up after him he would get a good start of me. I put forth all my remaining strength and pressed on. At last I began to gain on him, for he, occupied with his search, unconsciously slackened his pace.

Ah, he had found it! A low shout of triumph came from him. He laid hold of it and began to haul himself up. I was near enough to hear him mutter, "How the devil comes this here?" I was at the rope, and he, hanging in midair, saw me, but I could not reach him.

"Hello! Who's here?" he cried in startled tones.

For a moment I believe he took me for the king. I dare say I was pale enough to lend color to the thought, but an instant later he cried:

"Why, it's the play actor! How came you here, man?"

And so saying he gained the bank. I laid hold of the rope, but I paused. He stood on the bank, sword in hand, and he could cut my head open or split me through the heart as I came up. I let go the rope.

"Never mind," said I, "but as I am here I think I'll stay."

He smiled down on me. "These women are the deuce"—he began, when suddenly the great bell of the castle began to ring furiously, and a loud shout reached us from the moat.

Rupert smiled again and waved his hand to me. "I should like a turn with you, but it's a little too hot," said he. And he disappeared from above me.

In an instant, without thinking of danger, I laid my hand to the rope. I was up. I saw him thirty yards off, running like a deer toward the shelter of the forest. For once Rupert Hentzau had chosen discretion for his part. I laid my feet to the ground and rushed after him, willing to him to stand. He would not. Unwounded and vigorous, he gained on me at every step; but, forgetting everything in the world except him and my thirst for his blood, I pressed on, and soon the deep shades of the forest of Zenda engulfed us both, pursued and pursuer.

It was 3 o'clock now, and day was dawning. I was on a long, straight grass avenue, and a hundred yards ahead ran young Rupert, his curls waving in the fresh breeze. I was weary and panting. He looked over his shoulder and waved his hand again to me. He was mocking me, for he saw he had the pace of me. I was forced to pause for breath. A moment later Rupert turned sharply to the right and was lost from my sight.

I thought all was over and in deep vexation sank on the ground, but I was up again directly, for a scream rang through the forest, a woman's scream. Putting forth the last of my strength, I ran on to the place where he had turned out of my sight, and, turning also, I saw him again; but, alas, I could not touch him. He was in the act of lifting a girl down from her horse. Doubtless it was her scream that I heard. She looked like a small farmer's or a peasant's daughter, and she carried a basket on her arms.

Probably she was on her way to the early market at Zenda. Her horse was a stout, well-shaped animal. Master Rupert lifted her down amid her shrieks. The sight of him frightened her, but he treated her gently, laughed, kissed her and gave her money. Then he jumped on the horse, sitting sideways like a woman, and then he waited for me. I on my part waited for him.

Presently he rode toward me, keeping his distance, however. He lifted up his hand, saying:

"What did you in the castle?" "I killed three of your friends," said I. "What! You got to the cells?"

"Yes." "And the king?" "He was hurt by Detchard before I killed Detchard, but I pray that he lives."

"You fool!" said Rupert pleasantly. "One thing more I did."

"And what's that?" "I spared your life. I was behind you on the bridge, with a revolver in my hand."

"No? Faith, I was between two fires."

"Get off your horse," I cried, "and fight like a man."

"Before a lady," said he, pointing to the girl. "Fie, your majesty!"

Then in my rage, hardly knowing what I did, I rushed at him. For a moment he seemed to waver. Then he reined his horse in and stood waiting for me. On I went in my folly. I seized the bridle, and I struck at him. He parried and thrust at me. I fell back a pace and rushed in at him again, and this time I reached his face and laid his cheek open and darted back before he could strike me. He seemed almost dazed at the fierceness of my attack; otherwise I think he must have killed me. I sank on my knees, panting, expecting him to ride at me. And so he would have done, and then there, I doubt not, one or both of us would have died, but at the moment there came a shout from behind us, and, looking round, I saw just at the turn of the avenue a man on a horse. He was riding hard, and he carried a revolver in his hand. It was Fritz von Turinheim, my faithful friend. Rupert saw him and knew that the game was up. He checked his rush at me and flung his leg over the saddle, but yet for just a moment he waited. Leaning forward, he tossed his hair off his forehead and smiled and said:

"An revoir, Rudolf Rassendyll!" Then, with his cheek streaming blood, but his lips laughing and his body swaying with ease and grace, he bowed to me, and he bowed to the farm girl, who had drawn near in trembling fascination, and he waved his hand to Fritz, who was just within range, and let fly a shot at him. The ball came nigh doing his work, for it

struck the sword he men, and he dropped the sword with an oath, wringing his fingers, and clapped his heels hard to his horse's belly and rode away at a gallop.

And I watched him go down the long avenue, riding as though he rode for his pleasure and stinging as he went, for all there was that gash in his cheek.

Once again he turned to wave his hand, and then the gloom of the thickets swallowed him, and he was lost from our sight. Thus he vanished—reckless and wary, graceful and graceless, handsome, debonair, vile and unconquered. And I flung my sword passionately on the ground and cried to Fritz to ride after him, but Fritz stopped his horse and leaped down and ran to me and knelt, putting his arm about me. And, indeed, it was time, for the wound that Detchard had given me was broken forth afresh, and my blood was staining the ground.

"Then give me the horse!" I cried, staggering to my feet and throwing his arms off me. And the strength of my rage carried me so far as where the horse stood, and then I fell prone beside it. And Fritz knelt by me again.

"Fritz!" I said. "Aye, friend—dear friend!" said he, tender as a woman.

"Is the king alive?" He took his handkerchief and wiped my lips and bent and kissed me on the forehead.

"Thanks to the most gallant gentleman that lives," said he softly, "the king is alive!"

The little farm girl stood by us, weeping for fright and wide-eyed for won-



"An revoir, Rudolf Rassendyll!" der, for she had seen me at Zenda, and was not I, pallid, dripping, faint and bloody as I was—yet was not I the king?

And when I heard that the king was alive I strove to cry "Hurrah!" but I could not speak, and I laid my head back in Fritz's arms and closed my eyes, and I groaned, and then, lest Fritz should do me wrong in his thoughts, I opened my eyes and tried to say "Hurrah!" again, but I could not, and, being very tired and now very cold, I huddled myself close up to Fritz to get the warmth of him and shut my eyes again and went to sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

IN order to a full understanding of what had occurred in the castle of Zenda it is necessary to supplement my account of what I myself saw and did on that night by relating briefly what I afterward learned from Fritz and from Mme. de Mauban. The story told by the latter explained clearly how it happened that the cry which I had arranged as a stratagem and a shout had come in dreadful reality before its time and had thus, as it seemed at the moment, ruined our hopes, while in the end it had favored them. The unhappy woman, Fred, I believe, by a genuine attachment to the Duke of Strelson, no less than by the dazzling prospects which a dominion over him opened before her eyes, had followed him at his request from Paris to Ruritania. He was a man of strong passions, but of stronger will, and his cool head ruled both. He was content to take all and give nothing. When she arrived she was not long in finding that she had a rival in the Princess Flavia. Rendered desperate, she stood at nothing which might give or keep for her her power over the duke. As I say, he took and gave not. Simultaneously Antoinette found herself entangled in his audacious schemes. Unwilling to abandon him, bound to him by the chains of shame and hope, she yet would not be a decoy nor at his bidding lure me to death; hence the letters of warning she had written. Whether the lines she sent to Flavia were inspired by good or bad feeling, by jealousy or by pity, I do not know, but here also she served us well. When the duke went to Zenda she accompanied him, and here for the first time she learned the full measure of his cruelty and was touched with compassion for the unfortunate king. From this time she was with us, yet from what she told me I know that she still (as women will) loved Michael and trusted to gain his life, if not his pardon, from the king as they reward for her assistance. His triumph she did not desire, for she loathed his crime and loathed yet more fiercely what would be the prize of it—his marriage with his cousin, Princess Flavia.

At Zenda a new force came into play, the darling of young Rupert. He was sought by her beauty, perhaps. Perhaps it was enough for him that she belonged to another man and that she hated him. For many days there had been quarrels and ill will between him and the duke, and the scene which I had witnessed in the duke's room was but one of many. Rupert's proposals to me, of which she had of course been ignorant, in no way surprised her when I related them. She had herself warned Michael against Rupert even when she was calling on me to deliver her from both of them. On this night, then, Rupert when she had gone to her room, having furnished himself with a key to it, made his entrance. Her cries had brought the duke, and there in the dark room while she screamed the

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

AMANDINE



WILL HEAL

Chapped HANDS

and make the skin soft and white.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET.

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

GET YOUR

ICE CREAM

—AT—

Koschny's,
230 & 232 THAMES STREET.

or at his

Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream
CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and FRESH EVERY DAY.

ARCTIC ICE CO.

WHOLESALE

AND

Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.
Telephone connection.

Office, Commercial Wharf.

127 JOHN H. GREENE, S.W.

Pianos to Rent
FOR THE SEASON

A Large Stock to Select from

Fine Stationery,
Fine Linen Paper

Cream Wove & Laid

AT 30c. PER POUND.

Agency for the Piano & Music Organ

JOHN ROGERS,

210 Thames Street.

YOU CAN PATENT
anything you invent or improve; also get CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or description for free examination and advice.
BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Advt. Wanted.
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Patent Lawyers, NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON,
Architect and Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile & Stucco Work executed with dispatch.
Shop 65 Mill St. Office 70 Park St.
P. O. Box 161. Residence 100 Church St.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY
Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filing, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

AMPUTATION RECOMMENDED

But a Better, Safer Method Found.

For twenty years I was an awful sufferer from Varicose veins and ulcers on my leg. For twelve winters I sat in a chair, my leg pained me so I could not lie down.

The doctors began to say I would never use it again.

Others advised amputating my leg to prevent gangrene from setting in.

One day I read of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I bought a bottle and commenced taking it.

And I surely believe I had not taken Favorite Remedy I would not be alive today. My leg healed up entirely and I am now well and strong.

JOSEPH H. MULCOX,

877 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A prominent physician of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in explaining the demand for this King of Kidney, Liver, Bladder and Blood Medicines, said: "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts as a nerve and blood food. It has made many permanent cures of nervous debility, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and of the sicknesses peculiar to women, where other treatments have failed. For headaches, constipation and that run down condition, there is nothing else half so good as this great kidney and liver medicine."

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail, Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Jelly radical cure Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in Head. 50c.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carrying. Accessible by Telephone at any hour and night. PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 80 Bellevue Avenue BRANCH OFFICES, 152 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot. Telephone 71-2.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 35 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

The Only One Thing to Be Said in Favor of a Novel.

Upton Sinclair and a publisher's reader met the other day in New York, says the Indianapolis Star.

The talk turned at once to literature, and the reader mentioned proudly that a certain popular novel, after thirteen rejections, had been accepted by him and had gained for his house nearly \$100,000.

"A mighty good book it is, too," said the reader. "Have you read it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"There is only one thing to be said in its favor," the young novelist answered. "A friend of mine during the Spanish-American war carried it in his breast pocket, and a ball ricocheted against his ribs, but the book saved him. The ball was unable to get beyond the fourth chapter."

Automobile Lunatics.

H. S. Chapin tells of a thrilling automobile experience he once went through.

He was traveling in a far country and came to a town where they told him there was a splendid building that had been put up as a lunatic asylum, specially for automobilists. Being curious to see this place, Chapin by a little effort succeeded in being led through the building, which was large and spacious and fitted up with every luxury.

Not seeing any of the patients, he asked where they were.

"The patients?" replied the guide.

"Why, they are lying on their backs under the beds work!" on the state.

Automobile Magazine.

Easily Cured.

Traup—Madam, I am suffering from indigestion.

Lady—Why, I'm sorry. What can I do to help you?

Traup—Madam, you can cure me instantly by giving me something to digest.—Harper's Weekly.

An Explosion Imminent.

Jingley—Yes, Dubley is up for president of the club. He's got an idea he can be elected, so he's up.

Wise—Well, he's not up as far as he will be when that idea is exploded.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Sessig—Yes, it was my first ocean trip.

Miss Romanza—Ah! When you realized that you were on the great boom of old ocean did you not feel like abouting in your exhilaration!

Mr. Sessig—Well I don't know about the exhilaration, but I—er—could scarcely contain myself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Englishman (whose dog has fallen overboard)—Stop, Captain, stop!

Captain—I can't do it. I can't stop for anything short of a man.

Englishman (jumping overboard)—Well, then, stop now!—Floh.

Room Clerk—The best I can do for you, sir, is to give you a cot in the office for the night for three dollars.

Third Applicant—And do I get the cot in the morning?

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

men had fought, and Rupert, having wounded his master with a mortal blow, had on the servants rushing in, escaped through the window, as I have described. The duke's blood, spurting out, had stained his opponent's shirt; but Rupert, not knowing that he had dealt Michael his death, was eager to finish the encounter. How he meant to deal with the other three of the band I know not. I dare say he did not think for the killing of Michael was not premeditated. Antoinette, left alone with the duke, had tried to staunch his wound, and thus was she busted till he died, and then, hearing Rupert's shouts, she had come forth to avenge him. Me she had not seen, nor did she till I darted out of my ambush and leaped after Rupert into the moat.

The same moment found my friends on the scene. They had reached the chateau in due time and waited ready by the door. But Johann, swept with the rest to the rescue of the duke, did not open it—may, he took a part against Rupert, putting himself forward more bravely than any in his anxiety to avert suspicion, and he had received a wound, in the embrasure of the window. Till nearly half past 2 o'clock, then, following my orders, he had sent Fritz to search the banks of the moat. I was not there. Hastening back, Fritz told Sapt, and Sapt was for following orders still and riding at full speed back to Tarlenheim, while Fritz would not hear of abandoning me, let me have ordered what I would.

On this they disputed some few minutes; then Sapt, persuaded by Fritz, detached a party under Bernenstein to gallop back to Tarlenheim and bring up the marshal, while the rest fell to on the great door of the chateau. For near fifteen minutes it resisted them; then, just as Antoinette de Mauban fired at Rupert Heintz on the bridge, they broke in, eight of them in all, and the first door they came to was the door of Michael's room, and Michael lay dead across the threshold, with a sword thrust through his breast. Sapt cried out at his death, as I had heard, and they rushed on the servants, but these in fear dropped their weapons, and Antoinette flung herself weeping at Sapt's feet. And all she cried was that I had been at the end of the bridge and had leaped off. "What of the prisoner?" asked Sapt, but she shook her head. Then Sapt and Fritz, with the gentlemen behind them, crossed the bridge, slowly, warily and without noise, and Fritz stumbled over the body of De Gantet in the way of the door. They felt him and found him dead.

Then they consulted, listening eagerly for any sound from the cells below, but there came none, and they were greatly afraid that the king's guards had killed him and, having pushed his body through the great pile, had escaped the same way themselves. Yet because I had been seen here they had still some hope (thus, indeed, Fritz in his friendship told me), and, going back to Michael's body, pushing aside Antoinette, who prayed by it, they found a key to the door which I had locked and opened the door. The staircase was dark, and they would not use a torch at first lest they should be more exposed to fire, but soon Fritz cried: "The door down there is open! See, there is light!" So they went on boldly and found none to oppose them. And when they came to the outer room and saw the Belgian, Bersonin, lying dead they thanked God, Sapt saying, "Aye, he has been here." Then, rushing into the king's cell, they found Detached lying dead across the dead physician and the king on his back, with his chair by him. And Fritz cried, "He's dead!" and Sapt drove all out of the room except Fritz and knelt down by the king, and, having learned more of wounds and the signs of death than I, he soon knew that the king was not dead nor if properly attended would die. And they covered his face and carried him to Duke Michael's room and laid him there, and Antoinette rose from praying by the body of the duke and went to bathe the king's head and dress his wounds till a doctor came. And Sapt, seeing I had been there and having heard Antoinette's story, sent Fritz to search the moat and then the forest. He dared send no one else. And Fritz found my horse and feared the worst. Then, as I have told, he found me, guided by the shout with which I had called on Rupert to stop and face me. And I think a man has never been more glad to find his own brother alive than was Fritz to come on me, so that in love and anxiety for me he thought nothing of a thing so great as would have been the death of Rupert Heintz. Yet had Fritz killed him I should have grudged it.

The enterprise of the king's rescue being thus prosperously concluded, it lay on Colonel Sapt to secure secrecy as to the king ever having been in need of rescue. Antoinette de Mauban and Johann, the keeper (who, indeed, was too much hurt to be wagging his tongue just now), were sworn to reveal nothing, and Fritz went forth to find out the king, who had lain in Zenda and flanked for a moment before the dazed eyes of Duke Michael's servants on the drawbridge. The metamorphosis had happened, and the king would almost to death by the attacks of the jailers who guarded his friend, had at last overcome them and rested now, wounded, but alive, in Black Michael's own room in the castle. There he had been carried, his face covered with a cloak, from the cell, and thence orders issued that if his friend were found he should be brought directly and privately to the king and that meanwhile messengers should ride at full speed to Tarlenheim to tell Marshal Strakenz to assure the princess of the king's safety and to come himself with all speed to greet the king. The princess was enjoined to remain at Tarlenheim and there await her cousin's coming or his further instructions. Thus the king would come to his own again, having wrought brave deeds and escaped almost by a miracle the treacherous assault of his unnatural brother.

This ingenious arrangement of my long-headed old friend prospered in every way save where it encountered

a force that often defeats the most cunning schemes. I mean nothing else than the pleasure of a woman, for, let her cousin and sovereign send what command he chose (or Colonel Sapt chose for him), and let Marshal Strakenz insist as he would, the Princess Flavia was in no way inclined to rest at Tarlenheim while her lover lay wounded at Zenda, and when the marshal, with a small suit, rode forth from Tarlenheim on the way to Zenda the princess' carriage followed immediately behind, and in this order they passed through the town, where the report was already ripe that the king, going the night before to reconnoitre with his brother in all friendliness for that he held one of the king's friends in confinement in the castle, had been most traitorously set upon, that there had been a desperate conflict, that the duke was slain, with several of his gentlemen, and that the king, wounded as he was, had seized and held the castle of Zenda. All of which talk made, as may be supposed, a mighty excitement, and the wives were set in motion, and the tidings came to Stralsau only just after orders had been sent thither to parade the troops and overawe the dissatisfied quarters of the town with a display of force.

Thus the Princess Flavia came to Zenda. And as she drove up the hill, with the marshal riding by the wheel and still imploring her to return in obedience to the king's orders, Fritz von Tarlenheim, with the prisoner of Zenda, came to the edge of the forest. I had revived from my swoon and walked, resting on Fritz's arm, and, looking out from the cover of the trees, I saw the princess. Suddenly understanding from a glance at my companion's face that we must not meet her, I sank on my knees behind a clump of bushes. But there was one whom we had forgotten, but who followed us and was not disposed to let slip the chance of earning a smile and maybe a crown or two, and while we lay hidden the little farm girl came by us and ran to the princess, courtesying and crying:

"Madame, the king is here—in the bushes. May I guide you to him, madame?"

"Nonsense, child!" said old Strakenz. "The king lies wounded in the castle."

"Yes, sir, he's wounded, I know, but he's here, with Count Fritz, and not at the castle," she persisted.

"Is he in two places, or are there two kings?" asked Flavia, bewildered.

"And how should he be here?"

"He pursued a gentleman, madame, and they fought till Count Fritz came, and the other gentleman took my father's horse from me and rode away. But the king is here with Count Fritz. Why, madame, is there another man in Kurtenh like the king?"

"No, my child," said Flavia softly (it was told it afterward), and she smiled and gave the girl money. "I will go and see this gentleman," and she rose to alight from the carriage.

But at this moment Sapt came riding from the castle and, seeing the princess, made the best of a bad job and cried to her that the king was well tended and in no danger.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"Why, he's as like the king as one pea to another, madame!" cried the girl, a little shaken, but still obstinate.

"In the castle?" she asked.

"Where else, madame?" said he, bowing.

"But this girl says he is yonder—with Count Fritz?"

Sapt turned his eyes on the child with an incredulous smile.

"Every true gentleman is a king to such," said he.

"It is not the king," said old Sapt again, and a sudden sob broke from tender-hearted Fritz.

It was the sob that told her no comedy was about.

"He is the king!" she cried. "It is the king's face—the king's ring—my ring! It is his love!"

"Your love, madame," said old Sapt. "And not the king. The king is there in the castle. This gentleman!"

"Look at me, Rudolf, look at me!" she cried, taking my face between her hands. "Why do you let them torment me? Tell me what it means!"

Then I spoke, gazing into her eyes.

"God forgive me, madame," I said. "I am not the king!"

I felt her hands clutch my cheeks.

She gazed at me as never man's face was scanned yet. And I, silent again, saw wonder born, and doubt grow, and terror spring to life as she looked.

And very gradually the grasp of her hands slackened; she turned to Sapt, to Fritz and back to me, then suddenly she recoiled forward and fell in my arms, and with a great cry of pain I gathered her to me and kissed her lips.

Sapt laid his hand on my arm. I looked up in his face. And I laid her softly on the ground and stood up, looking on her, cursing heaven that young Rupert's sword had spared me for this slumber pang.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHORT NOSES.

Something to Be Said in Favor of Those Who Wear Them.

"Physiognomists tell us that the big nosed people do the world's work," said a short nosed man the other day, "and they generally add a lot of rubbish about Napoleon's big nose and how he always selected big nosed men to carry out his daring undertakings."

"That Napoleon story was invented by some one with a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac, who wanted an excuse for his proboscis and therefore pretended that his nose was but the introduction to a massive, imposing character. It is true that a big nose is sometimes indicative of firmness and determination, but only when it is associated with a strong jaw and long chin. A big nose with a retreating chin is almost idiotic in the expression it gives to the countenance. Every cartoonist knows this. Whenever you see a cartoon of a society dude it shows a long nose and a small chin."

"But there is something to be said in favor of the short noses. The short nose shows wit, imagination, tact, judgment, discretion. Socrates had a snub nose, and of the lively imaginative writers in almost any language a considerable proportion was short nosed people. Long nosed men may do their share of the world's work, but the short noses write the clever books and the entertaining plays. If Shakespeare had had a nose like the Duke of Wellington, do you ever suppose that he would have written the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'? He might have been a successful theater manager, but would never have become a literary artist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POLITICAL SPIES.

They Are Quite Common All Over the Continent of Europe.

On the continent of Europe it is quite a common thing for royal personages to be subjected to espionage, mainly, of course, for political reasons.

In France, Spain, Russia, Germany and Austria the practice obtains. At one time during the reign of Napoleon III. a small army of political spies was engaged in watching royal subjects. In fact, the vigilance of the different princes was so great that there were three or four distinct secret services. The emperor had his; the empress had hers; the government and the republicans respectively had theirs—all employed to watch the other parties and their spies.

Moreover, Bismarck had his spy over the emperor. So that France was over-ridden by spies, the most important, however, being Bismarck's, to whom the war was indeed to a great extent due.

This secret service agent was a German doctor, whose advice the unfortunate emperor ever preferred to that of his own court physicians, and thus Bismarck knew even better than Napoleon the real state of the latter's health, which was, of course, a very important factor in the political situation at those times.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Could Run.

He could run, all right, all right. He had to. Talk about your amateurs that spring for sport—this party had learned to run or starve, as a boy, and had never forgotten how. Why, any, when he bore himself loose from a velocity it seemed like the whole landscape was crumpled. I used to try him out by giving him a start 'n' shootin' at him. If he bent the bullet, we agreed he was up to form, but if the lead overtook him we'd call it an off day 'n' unload the cartridges. I've seen him score a jack rabbit up till it was workin' under forced drafts, then limp up to it from behind 'n' kind of yawn 'n' stretch, 'n' then go on to wake up or else get off the trail 'n' let somebody run that knowed how.—McClure's Magazine.

Oh, Yes, of Course.

Of the many children and women in Nazareth, Palestine, who have picked up a little English all have a way of saying "of course" instead of a simple "yes." The expression which French people catch up as characteristic of the American and Englishman is always "Oh, yes!" A correspondent, who has cycled down the Rhone valley, about Provence and along the Riviera, found himself greeted with "Oh, yes!" by the children in the streets of nearly every town. And he discovered, when his attention had been called to the point in this way that "Oh, yes!" was really what he and his companions were always saying.

His Attention.

Naw—How attentive young Mr. All-gaw is to his pretty wife! Fan-I don't wonder you notice it, but you must have been misinformed. They are not married yet.—Chicago Tribune.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

The Instinct That Leads the Ostrich to Protect Its Eggs.

The nature students—everybody is a nature student nowadays—were trying to outdo one another.

"Angles when the sun is overhead shade their young with outspread wings," said the first. "On August afternoons I have seen a mother eagle stand patiently two full hours, her left wing spread like an umbrella, while in its cool shade her nestlings slept."

"Squirrels," said the second, "can tell whether a nut is good or bad without opening it. A chestnut, a walnut, a shellbark, they lift it in their little paws, hold it to their faces a moment, then if it is bad cast it aside. How do they tell? By the weight, by the sound? I incline to think they do it by the smell."

"Ostriches never sit," said the third. "They lay their eggs on the pale Saharan sands, and the sun does the rest. But before the ostriches depart from their eggs they place on the top of each a pinch of sand, for they know that the germ will mount to the top and that the sun's heat would kill the germ were it not protected."

"A trained elephant," said the fourth student, "danced very badly at a native performance and was accordingly beaten cruelly by its master. That night, bearing a shuffling noise outside, the master crept forth, and there in the moonlight he found the elephant carefully practicing his dance steps."

A PRIVILEGE RESERVED.

Ceremonies Witnessed at a Jeweler's Ring Counter.

"I want a plain gold ring for a lady. Best you've got in the store."

"For this lady?"

"Sure! Who else would it be for? Pull off your glove, Katie, and let the gentleman measure your finger."

The girl withdrew her wooden glove and bashfully extended her small hand, red and toll worn, toward the clerk.

"There, that's about the size," said the jeweler to the girl.

"Do you wish him to put it on?"

"No—not yet," said the blushing girl. "When he puts that ring on, it's on to stay."

Size, quality and price at last were settled satisfactorily, and the young man pulled from his pocket a shining coin.

"Here you are, gold for gold!" he exclaimed proudly. "Nothin' but gold 'll pay for that ring."

"Haven't you anything smaller?" asked the sordid clerk.

"Plenty, but nothin' good enough to pay for that ring."

"Bit of sentiment, eh?" queried an interested bystander.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, with evident pride. "He's been saying that twenty dollar gold piece for nearly four months, waiting to buy this ring."

—New York Press.

Your Own Body.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it; wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. At the first signal of danger from any of the thousand enemies that surround you defend yourself. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will ever have in this world. A large share of pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.

Established by Franklin in 1784.

The Mercury

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, April 13, 1907.

The Ohio fight seems to be on, even though election is still many months away. The President has named for an important federal office a negro who had been opposed by Senator Foraker. The battle is expected to wage fast and furious until the next Presidential nominee is selected.

The Harvard boys who interrupted the theatrical performance in Boston which was supposed to portray Harvard scenes did not represent the prevalent sentiment at that institution. The president of each of the four classes at the university made a handsome apology from the stage of the same theatre. There are always plenty of rowdies ready to hide behind the name of an institution of learning.

So South Newport is not yet dead. Well, unless the scheme develops more strength than it has heretofore there is not much fear. It is a safe assertion that Newport will never be divided into two municipalities—one for the rich and the other for the poor. But the funny part of the whole thing is that the new charter was supposed to assuage the injured feelings of the "South Newporters."

Anyway, it was a great legal battle. Jerome and Delmas were well matched—one the energetic, persistent, unimpaired representative of the State, the other the resourceful and indomitable defender of the accused, possessed of an eloquence almost unbelievable. Had the distinguished Californian not been the senior counsel for the defense the result of the trial might have been very different.

It may not be true that the Czar of Russia is going to abdicate, and in all probability it is not true, but no one doubts that had that unfortunate ruler a less strong sense of duty or even were he less completely under the domination of the court, he would gladly fly to some remote corner of the earth where he might live in peace and harmony even though in the direst poverty. His position at the head of the distressed Russian people would be a severe trial for a man of real greatness; for a man of the temperament of the present Czar it must be—well Sherman described it pretty well when he told about war.

Balloons are Needed.

Some months ago a movement was started to secure a large naval dry dock for Narragansett Bay. The necessity for such an equipment on the North Atlantic coast has frequently been emphasized and the many natural advantages of Narragansett Bay have many times been pointed out. For some reason the Secretary of the Navy last year took no particular interest in the project and it was allowed to lapse, but undoubtedly the matter will be brought up again and the advocates of Narragansett Bay will use every effort to secure for this locality the large dry dock which must inevitably follow our constantly increasing navy.

In November, 1902, a dry dock was begun at the Charleston Navy Yard, South Carolina, and on March 18 last the final stone was laid in the coping. The dock was one million dollars. The dry dock is a thoroughly substantial affair, modern in every respect. It will accommodate the vessels of the navy in Southern waters—perhaps. There is one little difficulty in connection with the dry dock. Unfortunately this million-dollar structure was put back in the country, resting in a little mud-hole some distance from the nearest navigable river. Now that the dry dock is finished all that remains to do is to transform the face of nature so that the navigable waters can be brought to the location. In this case Mahomet positively refused to go to the mountains, but he brought out his horses and wagons and dredging machines and a large force of men and proposed to bring the mountain to him.

Even the Charleston News and Courier finds the situation somewhat complex. It says:

"To the fact it may seem queer that the dry dock just finished is practically a huge hole in the ground, some hundred yards or so from the Cooper River. The uninitiated may wonder how the ships are going to get in, and when told that the approaches are to be constructed will wonder."

Just compare the situation here and in South Carolina. We have a splendid bay, completely shut in and protected by every military device, yet giving a broad deep sea way for many miles past any possible location for the dry dock—a bay on which not one cent would have to be expended to make it safe for navigation. Then think of that South Carolina affair—a mud hole in the country, far from even the bank of a river, and with the necessity for constructing elaborate approaches, so that the war vessel can be pushed or pulled, coaxed or driven, over the swampy expanse until at last with a grunted smile she settles down in her haven of refuge, the new million-dollar dry dock.

It is such folly as this that must inevitably cause the Navy Department to turn for relief toward the waters of Narragansett Bay.

General Assembly.

The end of the session of the Legislature is very plainly evidenced by the amount of business that is being transacted daily. The calendars of both Senate and House are full of measures and the volume of business is very large. Just when adjournment will be taken is not known but it seems likely that the session may not end next week. The last day for which the members can draw pay is next Wednesday but the large amount of business yet remaining may require the members to serve a week without pay.

There has as yet been no change in the Senatorial situation. The fifty-second ballot was taken on Friday without change from the previous results. As the end of the session approaches the situation grows more tense but there are no signs of yielding.

A number of important measures have been acted upon. The act creating an open season for deer was killed in the Senate, but an act was passed allowing owners of property to kill deer doing injury to their property. The act in amendment of the charter of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company has been passed in the Senate; also the resolution to reimburse the Society of the Cincinnati for expenses in connection with the location of the remains of General Nathaniel Greene.

Governor Higgins has recommended pardons for George F. Eltz, Frank Allen and Edward H. Ives, and they are now before the Senate for consideration. The Senate has passed the resolution making an appropriation of \$1000 for repairs and improvements to the Senate chamber in the old State House at Newport. The act incorporating St. George's School has been reported in the House and will be passed. The Senate has passed an act prohibiting the crying of newspapers or other wares on the streets on Sunday, and the House has passed an act permitting the sale of liquors on Sunday by licensed taverns.

The House has passed the appropriation for the completion of the Stone Bridge, but the amount has been cut down from \$100,000 to \$87,500. The Senate on Thursday passed the bill for the establishment of a school for feeble-minded, the discussion occupying a great part of the session. The House was largely occupied with discussion of matters connected with the harbor commission of the city of Providence.

A Promising Outlook.

Look in any direction which we will and the vista which opens itself to us is bright with promise. The treasury surplus for the financial year which began on July 1 last is \$52,000,000, as compared with \$4,000,000 for the corresponding time in the previous year, and with a deficit of \$24,000,000 in the year immediately before that. The government's outgo is increasing, but its income is growing much faster. When Uncle Sam fixes up his books at midnight on June 30, 1907, he will find a balance for the twelve months of more than \$70,000,000 on the right side of the ledger. Exports of all classes of merchandise—agricultural, mining and manufacturing—are increasing. So are imports. The people are buying more than they did a year ago, and more than they ever did before, because they have more cash with which to buy things, and they have to buy many of them abroad because, in many sorts of products, the home producer can not meet the home demand. Not only is more business being done at the present moment than ever before at this season, but it is being done under better conditions than have prevailed for many years. The number of business failures in the United States in the first three months of the present calendar year has been 2529, which is the smallest number for this quarter in a generation, notwithstanding the vast increase in the number of business concerns which has taken place in those three or four decades.

Through Messrs. Harriman, Hill and others the country has heard some lamentations recently about the darkest outlook for the railways. When tested by the regularly recognized criteria, however, no ground is found for these plaints. According to the trade publications, the railway mileage which is projected in these early days of April is as large as it was a year ago. Gross earnings are larger than they were last year, and while there is a fall in net earnings, this is due entirely to the increased cost of labor and of materials. The advance in prices in these two items may prevent the laying of quite as many miles of track in the calendar year 1907 as was laid in 1906, but politics will have nothing to do with that. The attitude of the Republican President and the Republican Congress on the railway question is having no adverse effect on railway activities or on the value of railway properties. The Pennsylvania road announces that, distributed over the next three years, it will buy a complete equipment of steel passenger cars, to cost \$30,000,000. Other roads are also arranging for heavy outlays in rolling stock and other improvements.

The United States Steel Corporation, which is the largest concern in this line of business in the world, is starting to establish a plant in Duluth which is to cost \$10,000,000. There is nothing in all this to show that the Republican administration's attitude on the railways or anything else carries any potent for business. On the contrary, the Republican administration's action in depositing customs revenue in the banks brought the rates for money down and sent railway and other stocks up. The agents of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Neil of the labor commission—were the persons who brought peace between the labor unions and the railway chiefs in Chicago and headed off that threatened strike on the western roads.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Steel Rails Still Demanded.

While the railroads have not been buying equipment in heavy volume over the last several weeks there have been no cancellations of consequence. In steel rails, deferred orders so far have been confined to about 14,000 tons, while one cancellation of 1800 tons has been accepted. In view of the widely heralded statements that the railroads propose to materially reduce orders for steel cars, etc., manufacturers consider the showing so far this year as highly satisfactory. Practically every steel rail company is able to report that its orders are sufficient to keep its works in operation the remainder of year, and until this unfilled business is worked off there is no danger of a let-up in capacity.

It is believed there will be no rush for steel by the railroads when the season opens this year, as was the case a year ago when the outlook was much more favorable. Railroads appear uncertain as to the future, and their purchases are expected to be more of a hand-to-mouth character than last year. One railroad has entered the market for about 2,000 tons of rails, whereas it would have placed an order for at least 10,000 had it felt sure what the future had in store.

The books of the rail companies will be opened within the next several weeks, when a better idea as to the requirements of the railroads in 1908 can be obtained. The rail companies opened their books on May 1 last year and within a month had booked orders for more than 1,000,000 tons of all classes of steel rails. One steel rail manufacturer figures that renewals alone will be sufficient to employ between 60 per cent, and 75 per cent, of the rail capacity of the United States based on the present output.

Statements as to the possible consumption of railway equipment in 1908 are pure guesswork. Conditions are likely to undergo a change which will alter the whole aspect. Good crops, for example, may result in the springing up of an enormous demand for railway equipment in the event of the railroads being able to finance such purchases. A year ago predictions were being made the first half of the current year would witness a pronounced falling-off in the activity of the rolling mills. Instead, every steel mill in the United States is operating to the utmost of its capacity, and indications are that if there is any let-up at all it will not become evident before the latter part of the year.

Regardless of demand for steel rails, there will be no change in prices this or next year on the \$28 basis. The rail mills have kept the price at \$28 a ton in good and bad times for the past five years, and declare this is the best proof that a reduction, after having maintained a reasonable price for such a length of time, would not be justified.

Goethals is Pleased.

Col. George W. Goethals, the recently appointed chairman of the Isthmian Canal commission, was one of the guests at an entertainment and smoker given by the Corozal club of Panama in honor of the Congressional visitors shortly after his arrival there. Col. Goethals, with the rest of the party, was given a fine reception, and when he was called upon to speak he said with relations to his plans for continuing the work:

"Eighteen months ago, when I came to the Isthmus with the secretary of war, and saw the conditions of affairs then, the prospects of an Isthmian canal seemed rather hopeless. I have been very much surprised to see the progress made within that time. I fully realize that Mr. Stevens has perfected an organization which if maintained will carry this canal through to completion. I want to say that it is my intention to keep that organization as he established it.

"I have understood that there is some little feeling on account of militarism, but I want to state here that I do not expect a salute from any man on the job.

"When I commanded a company every man in that company understood that he could always come to see the captain at any time that he saw fit and lay before the captain any grievance he thought he had. I want you gentlemen to understand and feel that I will welcome any suggestions; I shall listen to any complaint or any grievance that any of you may have. You will not have to come to the office; you may speak to me anywhere along the work, and I will gladly listen to you. I will set no time to see you; you may come to the office at any time and I will gladly listen.

"While we are on this subject of militarism I will say that I expect to be the chief; the division engineers and the heads of the various departments are going to be the colonels; and the foremen are going to be the captains, and the men who do the labor are going to be the privates. You have your colonels with you and they will remain; you have your captains with you, and they will remain. There will be no more militarism in the future than there has been in the past.

"I am no longer a commander in the United States Army. I now consider that I am commanding the army of Panama, and that the enemy we are going to combat is the Culabra Cut and the locks and dams at both ends of the canal, and any man here on the work who does his duty will never have any cause to complain on account of militarism."

Mrs. Walter Norman Eldridge is visiting in New York.

Washington Matters.

The Story of the Plot to Beat President Roosevelt's Man in the Convention Keeps Recurring—Harriman Interests Claim to be Abused—Promotions in the Consular Service—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., April 11, 1907.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, none the less, that when the Spaniards laid to subvert the Rough Riders at Guantánamo in Cuba the whole plot was spoiled because one man was too eager, and shot at the head of the column before it got well into the line of fire. There is a remarkable similarity about the things that have happened in the political world this week.

Whether the Harriman letter with the attendant discussion was responsible for springing the mine too soon, it is impossible to say. If that discussion had not arisen, political enemies of the Administration might not have gotten gay and talked so much. But the fact remains that someone leaked, and about the prettiest plot on record in American politics has been spoiled.

It is alleged that Senator Penrose got extra communicative at a dinner recently and announced there was a scheme afoot, not to beat the President for the re-nomination, because it is not generally believed he would take the re-nomination under any circumstances, but to beat his plan for getting a free man and a man after his own heart nominated by the Republican party. The details of the plot are a little too explicit and probable to make it seem all talk. It was to the effect that the railroads and big corporate interest including Harriman, H. H. Rogers and the rest of the Standard Oil crowd had started a fund of \$5,000,000 to thwart the President in the next campaign in securing a man for the Republican nomination who would carry out the President's policies. The scheme was to get delegates in all the states pledged to Roosevelt on the first ballot, and thus presumably pledged to the President's choice after he had declined the nomination, which it was confidently expected he would do.

The program was then to stampede them on the second ballot to some man not at all of the President's choice. It is said that Senator Penrose attended a dinner recently, and to put it in plain language, got drunk and talked too much. The story was heard by one of the friends of the President who was at the dinner, and he promptly related it at the White House.

Of course Senator Penrose came out with a prompt denial of his role in the story. After he had denied it thoroughly, it was stated at the White House that his name had never been mentioned in connection with the matter, nor had the name of anyone else. But the President was said to have all the details of the story in his possession, and both he and his real friends will be on their guard from now till the next Republican convention against any realization of such a plot.

Altogether it is a remarkable story, and one that has been in the air for over a week. It was believed there was something doing under the surface in the way of opposition to the President, and that the railroads were at the bottom of it in revenge for what they considered was ungenerous treatment at the hands of the administration. But that anything so widespread and finished in the way of a conspiracy was afoot was not generally credited. There are a good many Republicans now who say that the President has been deceived and that there is no such organized opposition to him as he believes, and the avowed opponents of the administration are laughing and tapping their foreheads significantly to indicate something radically wrong mentally. But it is believed none the less that the plot story is in the main correct, and it has served to put the friends of the administration very thoroughly on their guard.

The attitude of the Harriman interests before the Interstate Commerce Commission this week has been that of men deeply wronged in an effort to do what was right. Arguments are being heard by the commission from the counsel for the railroads and the special attorneys for the commission to decide what course should be taken in regard to the questions that Mr. Harriman refused to answer at the recent New York hearing, and what sort of a report should be made to the Attorney General on which he might base a prosecution if he saw fit under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.

The most remarkable argument by any of the railroad attorneys was that of John G. Milburn, who stated to the Commission in the most serious fashion, that there was no ground for proceeding against Mr. Harriman under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. He said that the anti-trust law was aimed only at a combination of railroads or other corporations who entered into an agreement to fix rates and prices, but that in the case of the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads, Mr. Harriman had bought them both and that even if he bought them with the announced intention of stifling competition and restraining trade, the law could do nothing with him because he owned the roads and could do with them as he wished. Mr. Milburn said that any attempt on the part of the government to regulate the roads under such circumstances would be interfering with private property, and could not be justified for a moment.

Attorney Severance for the Commission replied that this was an entirely fallacious view of the matter, and read a number of decisions, including that of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case which fully covered the railroad contention and showed that the Sherman law was designed to prevent combinations in restraint of trade whether the stock of the combined companies was owned by one man absolutely or held by a trust.

The first general transfer and promotion in the consular service as the result of the new rules governing that branch of the government has been announced. There are almost 200 cases, most of them not important, but others decidedly so. Most of them are men who have been in the service a long time and have earned recognition by their work. It is the beginning of a new regime in the service, and will tend to make it more of a life career and less of a political grab bag.

At the end of this month the transport Buford will sail from San Francisco with 3,000 tons of flour and other supplies for the Chinese famine sufferers. This shipment is the result of a fund of \$110,000 collected by the Christian Herald, and is being shipped by the Commissary Department of the Army free of charge.

"You've been making love to some other girl."

"How do you know?"

"Because you've improved so.—Life.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyright 1906 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., April 13, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecast of disturbance to cross continent April 12 to 16, warm wave April 11 to 15, cool wave 14 to 18. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 17, cross west of Rockies country by close of 18, great central valleys 19 to 21, eastern states 22. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about April 17, cross central valleys 19, eastern states 21. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about April 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24.

This will be the most severe disturbance of April, beginning with a great warm wave and ending with frosts farther south than usual. Great extremes of temperature may be expected in all parts of the country and crop weather will be bad in northern parts of winter wheat section because of freezing and thawing.

Eastward drifting rains will precede the cool wave of this disturbance causing more than usual amount of moisture north of the Ohio and the Missouri rivers and about the Great Lakes and in the upper Mississippi valleys. At the same time dry weather will prevail south of these rivers and in middle and northern Atlantic states. Much warmer weather and about normal rainfall on the Pacific slope.

This disturbance will affect all parts of the continent and all weather features will be radical during the week covered by it. While rains may be expected in a large section about the great lakes drought conditions will prevail in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. Florida will get good rains and New England will be dry.

Following April 18 very cool weather will prevail while rains and dry weather will be about as described above for week following. Temperatures will be entirely too cool for the growing crops. Last half of April will average much warmer than first half but cooler than usual east of the Rockies. The reverse for west of Rockies.

Death Sentences Commuted.

Jefferson City, Mo., April 9.—The sentence of death imposed upon Mrs. Aggie Myers of Kansas City and Frank Hoffman of Higginsville, Mo., who were convicted of having murdered the woman's husband, Clarence Myers, have been commuted to life imprisonment by Governor Folk.

Three Victims of Explosion.

Beattyville, Ky., April 12.—E. B. Montgomery, his 10-year-old son, and Rolly Hall, all mine workers, were fatally injured by an explosion of powder in a coal mine. A spark from Montgomery's mining lamp fell upon a keg of blasting powder which he was carrying.

No Speculation in Futures.

Little Rock, April 12.—The bill which prohibits speculation in futures and which was passed by both legislative branches several weeks ago, was yesterday signed by Acting Governor Moore.

Robbers in Vermont Postoffice.

Burlington, Vt., April 9.—The post-office at Richmond was robbed by burglars, who blew the safe open. The robbers obtained \$800 in stamps and several dollars in cash.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1907.	Sun	Moon	High water
13 Sat	5 28 18	7 33	7 53
14 Sun	5 25 18	8 31	8 50
15 Mon	5 24 16	9 31	9 52
16 Tues	5 22 16	10 30	10 54
17 Wed	5 21 15	11 29	11 56
18 Thurs	5 20 14	12 28	12 58
19 Fri	5 19 14	1 27	1 59

Last Quarter, 6th day, 10 A. M., morning.
New Moon, 12th day, 2 A. M., morning.
First Quarter, 20th day, 3 P. M., evening.
Full Moon, 28th day, 1 P. M., evening.

For Sale.

A Desirable Residence Near Touro Park.

(This is an excellent house with over 5,000 square feet of land. Situation is most central and desirable. This place would make a thoroughly comfortable all-the-year-round residence, and would be admirably adapted for a doctor's office and domicile. Price very moderate.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
182 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and
Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.
Telephone No. 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 5th inst., William H. Jones, aged 61 years.
In this city, 8th inst., at his residence, 14 Lucas avenue, Patrick Harrington, aged 39 years.
In this city, 8th inst., Mrs. Murray.
In Trenton, 7th inst., Priscilla E., widow of David Grinnell, in her 88th year.
In Brookline, Mass., 24th inst., Arthur Hazard, son of the late Henry B. and Emma G. Hazard.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

KILLED HIS MOTHER.

Charge Upon Which Harry O. Neate Indicted and Arrested.
Manchester, N. H., April 12.—Harry O. Neate of Holbrook, Mass., was arrested in this city last night on the charge of manslaughter for the alleged killing of his mother, Mary Neate, at Holbrook seven months ago. He was arraigned at Quincy, Mass., in March, but discharged on the ground that the evidence was insufficient.

Neate is 40 years of age. He came here to get work and this week had arranged to enter a shoe shop. Neate claims that his mother died of natural causes and that the charges were preferred against him through spite on the part of relatives.

Holbrook, Mass., April 12.—Harry O. Neate was indicted by the Norfolk county grand jury last week. The authorities allege that last fall he committed an assault on his father, Joseph Neate, and that when his mother went to her husband's assistance she was knocked to the floor and sustained a fracture of the hip. It is further claimed that Mrs. Neate failed to recover from the injury.

Harry Neate was given a deed of his father's farm some time ago on condition that he would support his parents during the remainder of their lives. Recently the elder Neate went to live with another son and Harry sold the farm and went to New Hampshire.

Complainant Arrested in Court.

Worcester, Mass., April 12.—Following the arrest of Charles M. Roble on a charge of larceny of \$45, Edgar E. Buck, the complainant in the case, was arrested in court, charged with attempting to extort money by threatening Miss Jennie E. McKenzie, a sister-in-law of Roble. It is alleged that a letter was written to Miss McKenzie asking her to pay the \$45 to prevent a charge of larceny being preferred against Roble. In court the case against Roble was placed on file. Buck was released on bail, after being held in \$5000 for a hearing next Monday.

No Case Against McCabe.

Burlington, Vt., April 12.—Patrick T. McCabe, the former station agent at Bolton on the Central Vermont railroad, who was accused of causing a wreck at Bolton, was given his freedom when the charge of train wrecking and another charge of perjury alleged to have been committed at his hearing before the state railroad commission were not pressed in the Chittenden county superior court. The wreck was due to an open switch, which caused the derailment of the entire train. No one, however, was injured.

Part of Big Dike Sips Away.

Clinton, Mass., April 12.—A portion of the face of the dike of the Wachusett reservoir, which is connected with the water supply of the city of Boston, slipped away along a distance of 250 feet last night, but as the dike remains 40 feet above the present high water mark at the point where the slip occurred, no immediate danger is apprehended. A long that section the dike is about 1500 feet thick at the base and rises 90 feet above the base line.

Motor Company in Debt.

Boston, April 12.—On the petition of three Boston creditors, Judge Dodge, in the United States district court, appointed Arthur J. Farnsworth as receiver of the Napier Motor Company of America. Farnsworth is vice president of the concern. The directors admitted the inability of the concern to pay its outstanding obligations and expressed a willingness to be adjudged bankrupt. The liabilities amount to \$140,000.

Train Kills Two Sisters.

Worcester, Mass., April 11.—Involving a freight train near the Gardner street crossing last night, two sisters, Blanche L. and Mary B. Derosier, stepped in front of a passenger train and were instantly killed. The girls were returning from their work in a department store and, walking along the track, had almost reached their home. Both were hurled 40 feet and each had her neck broken.

Apology For Harvard Students.

Roston, April 10.—As a result of the disturbance at the Majestic theatre Monday night, when six Harvard students were arrested for disturbing the performance, the presidents of the four undergraduates' classes at Harvard appeared on the stage at the opening of last night's performance and expressed regret on behalf of the students of the university for the occurrence.

Death in Vermont Train Wreck.

Hardwick, Vt., April 11.—W. S. Bailey of East Hardwick was killed and nine persons were more or less seriously injured when a train left the rails near the East Hardwick station. A passenger coach turned completely over, going down a 40-foot embankment and resting with one end on the edge of the Lamolle river. A spreading rail caused the derailment.

Quarreled Over a Woman.

Boston, April 10.—Tony de Simons, 20 years old, was arrested on a charge of murder in connection with the death of Leonardo Garian, 40 years old. It is claimed that de Simons shot Garian as the result of a quarrel over a woman. The bullet entered Garian's left breast and he died before reaching a hospital. The affair occurred in an alleyway.

Bailey Must Pay Death Penalty.

Hartford, April 9.—The state board of pardons refused to commute to life imprisonment the sentence of Henry G. Bailey, the murderer of George H. Goodell, and accordingly the prisoner will be hanged on April 16.

Attempt to Kill Grand Duke.

St. Petersburg, April 11.—Another attempt on the life of Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevitch, president of the council of national defense and a cousin of Emperor Nicholas, has been foiled. The grand duke was returning from Tsarskoye-Selo by train when the attack was made upon him by four men, who escaped.

COURT RENDERS ADVICE

The novel plea of "dementia Amer-

Two Children Burned to Death
Newport, Me., April 10.—Florence, aged 4, and Harold, aged 6, children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee, were burned to death by a fire which destroyed the family home. The clothing of Mrs. Lee caught fire and she saved her own life rolling in the snow. The fire was caused by the overturning of an oil stove.

Another Butchers' Strike Likely
Chicago, April 12.—Butcher workmen, who led up the meat packing industry throughout the country in 1901, and who finally suffered defeat in the struggle, are, it is said, about to present new demands to the packers. A meeting of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of America will be held in New York April 22 for the purpose of fixing a date for presenting the demands.

Cuticura Ointment is, beyond question, the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, yet compounded, in proof of which a single ointment with Cuticura Ointment, preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent (*Liquid or Pills*), is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, and scaly humors, eczemas, psoriasis, and irritations, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when most, if not all, other remedies and even surgery have failed.

S. S. THOMPSON.

The teamsters of Danbury, Conn., have begun a strike to enforce a demand for a minimum weekly wage of \$13.50.

Osgorne Howes, secretary of the Boston Board of Fire Underwriters and Japanese consul in Boston, is dead from angina pectoris, from which he had suffered for two years. Howes was also a journalist of note. He was born in Boston in 1836.

G. P. McLean, former governor of Connecticut, and Miss Juliette Goodrich were married at Simsbury, Conn.

The commission appointed by the Vermont legislature to decide upon a location for the annual state fair agreed upon White River Junction. The state fair each year will be held at that city.

Mrs. John G. Burke, wife of a lawyer, committed suicide by shooting at her home at Lowell, Mass. She had been suffering from nervous exhaustion.

Two Opinions of Solitude.

While serving in Nebraska, Dr. Walter Reed, remembered for his distinguished service in the extermination of yellow fever, was frequently called on to practise among the grangers, who eke out a bare subsistence by trying to farm where the rainfall is barely sufficient for a good crop once in three years. In the winter, says the author of "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever," he was often obliged, in the discharge of his professional duties, to take journeys on horseback that were dangerous from the risks of being overtaken by a blizzard.

A little incident occurred on one of these expeditions which Dr. Reed always referred to with amusement as an instance of the difference in man's "point of view."

He was sent for while a blizzard was raging and the thermometer was below zero to go a distance of twelve miles to see a sick woman. He started at sunset in a driving wind, out on to the open prairie, where nothing could be seen but a sheet of snow, stretching miles and miles ahead of him, without a landmark visible. It was not long before he lost his way, and wandered about for hours, when suddenly a little beacon of light appeared, and he found the tiny cabin he was seeking.

The woman was very ill, and he could not leave her until the next afternoon, during which time the husband did his best to entertain him.

While they were sitting before the fire, the doctor was waiting for some coffee to boil, the old man dawdled out:

"Well, doc, I often feel sorry for you folks at the post. I know you all must get powerful lonely sometimes."

The post consisted of four companies, with headquarters and the band. Moreover, it was situated within sight of the railroad station, and Dr. Reed, with the recollection of it in his mind, was at that very moment commiserating the old pair in their remote cabin.—Youth's Companion.

A Highwayman's Contempt.

Lancelotti, the Italian automobilist, was asked by a reporter if he did not think motor racing too dangerous.

"Dangerous—yes," Mr. Lancelotti replied. "Too dangerous—no. For nothing that benefits mankind and automobiles benefit mankind inexpressibly—is too dangerous for a man to undertake. I am like a highwayman who holds up a gasoline runabout on the outskirts of Rome."

"This highwayman stopped the runabout with a shot in the air. Then he ran forth from the tomb that had concealed him—the hold-up happened on the Appian way—and found, to his surprise, only a woman in the little car."

"Where, madam, is your husband?" he demanded, sternly and suspiciously.

"He's under the seat," she answered, flushing.

"Then," said the highwayman, "I won't take anything. It's bad enough to have a husband like that without being robbed in the bargain."

Fur Coated Fish.

Indians fishing at Moosehead, says the Chicago-Inter-Ocean, about Christmas time were meeting with satisfactory success when suddenly one of them hooked a grayling, which had on a fur overcoat. This statement, though it may not appear so at first, is literally true. The fish had all over its body a soft, dark brown fur, and the Indians, fearing that this portended some great and sudden disaster, quit fishing and went to praying. It may be that in all the experience of the aborigines they had never seen or heard of anything like this before, but it does not follow that because an experience with fish is new to it, therefore, incredible. Now, things are happening in the fish world all the time. Is it not a fact that nearly every season some hitherto unrelated fish stories are brought to our attention and added to our cherished collection?

This fur overcoat story is really no more surprising than the news that Missouri River fish at certain seasons of the year wear overalls to keep out the dust. Different conditions bring about different habits in the fish family.

Sad Blow to the Father.

"Times are changed," said Mark Twain, speaking of Washington. "I doubt if nowadays a man of Washington's unvarying integrity would be able to get on."

A fish lawyer after dinner the other night went into his den to smoke. He took down from his pipe rack a superb meerschaum, a Christmas present from his wife, but, alas as he started to fill his pipe it came apart in his hands. The bowl had been broken in two and then carelessly stuck together.

"With loud growls of rage the lawyer rushed from his den and demanded to know who had broken his new meerschaum. His only son, a boy of 11, spoke up bravely.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it."

"The lawyer praised the lad's Washingtonian veracity, but that night on his pillow he groaned and went on terribly about the incident.

"Heaven help me!" he said, "I had been my life's dearest wish to rear up my son to my own profession, but now—alas!—alas!"

Use for a Powerful Voice.

At the close of a grand ball a celebrated actor of the Continental in Berlin stands in the passage waiting for his friends.

A beautiful and fashionably dressed lady approaches him and says: "Pardon, have I the honor to see before me our famous Herr Donnermetz, whose powerful and sonorous voice I had the pleasure of admiring last night in 'Macbeth'? Might I ask you to do me a little favor?"

"I am quite at your service, madam."

"Then will you be good enough to call out in the street to your loudest tones for the carriage of Baroness Swartz?"

The Danger.

A lawyer while conducting his case called the authority of a doctor of law yet alive.

"My learned friend," interrupted the judge, "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."

—Noe Lohr.

She—That Mr. Scarey is the most chicken-hearted fellow I ever met. He—Possibly he was an incubator baby.—Boston Record.

He Collected the Fare.

A story is told in Youth's Companion of a New York car conductor who had once been in the ministry, and who retained some of his former ways of speech in his new calling. He had been at the front of the car collecting fares and when he returned to his place a man had leaped the car at Houston street and had found a place inside.

The conductor stepped inside the doorway and ran his mild gaze up and down the car, but could not be sure which of the passengers was the late arrival.

"Will the gentleman who got on at Houston street please step?" he asked calmly.

The gentleman rose involuntarily, and with a bow and a "Thank you!" the conductor collected his fare.

Guarding Against Accidents.

The way to avoid trouble is to make it impossible before it appears, says the Youth's Companion. On the day of the Sunday-school picnic, the trolley car stopped to take on a bright-eyed, middle-aged woman with six hatless boys.

"Yes; we're going to the picnic," she chirped, in response to the conductor's query, "but you don't have to stop to pick up any lost headgear."

"I'm perfectly willing to take six boys; but there isn't money enough to tempt me to look after six boys with six hats."

Where He Belonged.

A young widow was consulting a tomb-stone maker about her husband's tomb. She ended the discussion with: "And I want it to say: 'To My Husband,' in an appropriate place, Mr. Slab."

"All right, ma'am," Slab answered. And the tomb-stone when it was put up said:

"To My Husband, In An Appropriate Place."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unendurable.

"Old Noah hunted up a barrel stove and started off for the stern of the ark."

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Noah.

"I am going to whale that boy Ham," replied Noah with a frown.

"But, my dear, the lad is only playing on his banjo."

"Yes but it is the tune he is playing."

"And what is the tune?"

"Wait Till the Sun Shines, Lizzie."—Chicago News.

A Slight Mistake.

"Hello, Jinks! Back from Europe, hey? You look like another man."

"I am. My name is Smithers."

—Washington Herald.

The Decision.

"What did the consultation of specialists in Millynn's case decide?"

"I think it was on five hundred dollars apiece."—Baltimore American.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Have you any request to make?" asked the sheriff of the erstwhile society man who was to be hanged on the morrow.

"Yes, one," replied the condemned man.

"Let me tie the noose myself. I never yet wore a ready-made tie."—Philadelphia Press.

"Wealth has its disadvantages," said the philosopher.

"Yes," answered the man with sporting inclinations. "It must be very monotonous for a man to be able to bet five or ten thousand dollars on a horse race without caring whether he loses it or not."—Washington Star.

"Some men insist that women have no business brains, but there is a young woman who conducts a large business and it calls for head work all the time."

"Who is she?"

"My wife's milliner."—Cleveland Press.

"Speaking of idle curiosity," said the typewriter boarder, "men have more of it than women."

"Naturally," rejoined the scantily-haired bachelor. "The curiosity of women is anything but idle; it works overtime."—Chicago News.

"Thank heaven, the multiplication table doesn't change! It is the only thing a mother knows that is the same as when she went to school, and which she can speak of without being corrected."—Athens Globe.

A young man went up for an examination and was "plucked." He sent the following telegram to his anxious family: "Examination splendid. Professors enthusiastic. They demand an encore."—Herald.

"What a well informed woman that Mrs. Wadleigh is, isn't she?"

"Why shouldn't she be? Her cook has worked for nearly everybody in the neighborhood."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Visitor—How long are you in for, my poor man?

Prisoner—Dunno, ma'am.

Visitor—How can that be?

Prisoner—It's a life sentence.—Tit-Bits.

Madame (to her newly arrived maid servant)—What is that you are bringing in your hand?

Maid—Oh, that is nothing but a little crockery cement.—Meggendorfer Blätter.

"Do you believe that the good die young?"

"I guess they do, if all my wife tells about her first husband is true."—Houston Post.

Elise—What did he do when you told him he must not see you any more?

Ada—He turned down the light.—Ally Slooper.

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."—Everybody's.

The Scrap Book

Comfort in Noise.

In the winter of 1863 there was much anxiety at Washington lest Burnside should be captured at Knoxville. One day a report came to the White House that there was heavy firing in the direction of the latter city. Lincoln, who had been waiting during long hours for some news, now expressed his satisfaction and when asked why he found any comfort in his meager message answered: "A neighbor of mine in Menard county named Sally Ward had a large family of children. Whenever she heard one of them yelling in some out of the way place she would say, 'Thank the Lord, there's one of my young ones not dead yet.' So long as there was firing in the direction of Knoxville Burnside was not captured."

LOVED I NOT HONOR MORE.
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the number
Of thy chest and quiet mind
To war and arms I flee.

True, a new mistress now I chase—
The first love in the field—
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, should adore.
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.

—Richard Lovelace.

He Put Him Off, All Right.
"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about 8 o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling, "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's the porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up, with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"What?" gasped the porter, jumping, as his eyes bulged from his head.

"Was you der gemann dat give me a five dollar gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemann I put off at Syracuse?"

Stout Hearted Demetrius.
I remember also to have heard this spirited saying of that stoutest hearted of men, Demetrius. "Ye immortal gods," said he, "the only complaint which I have to make of you is that you did not wake your will known to me earlier, for then I would sooner have gone into that state of life to which I now have been called. Do you wish to take my children? It was for you that I brought them up. Do you wish to take some part of my body? Take it. It is no great thing that I am offering you. I shall soon have done with the whole of it. Do you wish for my life? Why should I hesitate to return to you what you gave me? What ever you ask you shall receive with my good will. Nay, I would rather give it than be forced to hand it over to you. What need had you to take away what you did? You might have received it from me. Yet, even as it is, you cannot take anything from me, because you cannot rob a man unless he resists."—Seneca.

In Danbury.
A Danbury gentleman ate two mince pies before retiring Sunday night and about 2 o'clock the next morning was picked up by eleven baldheaded angels and pushed through ten yards of lead pipe.

The Lord's Prayer in 1300.
The following was the form of the Lord's Prayer in the year 1300:

"Fader our in hevne, Halloweyd be thi name, Come thi kingdom. Thi will be don as in hevne and in earth. Our uch dayes bred ge us to day, And forgive us our dettes, as we forgiven our dettours, And lede us not into temptation, Bote delivere us of yvel. Amen."

Inventing a Language.
A German merchant, dining with a Chinese mandarin at Hongkong, was enjoying a roast when the disquieting thought struck him that he might have been dining off a cat, as he had been told that the Chinese ate cats as well as rats. He determined to find out. But, unluckily, the Chinaman did not speak German, and the German did not understand Chinese, so the German pointed at the dish, saying, "Mian, mian!"

The Chinaman shook his head in negation and then answered "Bowwow!" with a polite smile, indicating satisfaction with the progress in conversation.

Sandle, the Match Boy.
"Please, sir, buy some matches!" said a little boy with a poor, thin blue face, his feet bare and red and his clothes only a bundle of rags, although it was very cold in Edinburgh that day. "No, I don't want any," said the gentleman. "But there're only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but, you see, I don't want a box." "Then I'll give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last.

"And so, to get rid of him," says the gentleman who tells the story in an English paper, "I bought a box, and then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I'll buy a box tomorrow.'"

"Oh, do my thing tonight," the boy pleaded again. "I'll run and get you the change, for I'm very hungry." So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for the boy, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling, but still there was that in

the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him.

"Late in the evening a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When the child was brought in, I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got the shilling, but if possible still more ragged and thin and poor. He stood a moment dreading into his rags as if he were seeking something and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought matches frae Sandle?'"

"Yes," "Well, then, here's your fourpence out o' yer shillin'." Sandle canna com. He's no weel. A cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your elevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at all, and the doctor says he'll die. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo, putting fourpence down on the table. And then the child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and then I went with him to see Sandle."

"I found that the two little things lived with a wretched drunken step-mother. Their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandle lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken. And Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dyin'! And who will take care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?'"

"Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me. Then the expression went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment—

"He lay within the light of God, Like a babe upon the breast, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest."

The Candidate and the Lady.
A political candidate, after affectionately kissing and praising an assortment of eleven children and marveling much at the resemblance they bore to a matronly lady, who blushed the while, then requested with a by-the-way air that she would mention to her husband that Mr. So-and-so had called.

"Alas," said the lady, "I have no husband!" "But these children, madam; you surely are not a widow?" "I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children; this is an orphan asylum!"

Infinity of Truth.
I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—Sir Isaac Newton.

Must Hold Up Something.
"Down in my state," said the late Senator Vance of North Carolina, "our courts are particular about forms and ceremonies. For example, in a court in Asheville a soldier who had been battered considerably in the war was brought in as a witness. The judge told him to hold up his right hand."

"Can't do it, sir," said the man.

"Why not?"

"Got a shot in that arm, sir."

"Then hold up your left!"

"The man said that his left arm had been amputated."

The Wife as a Conscience.
You may think you had a conscience and believed in God, but what is a conscience to a wife? Wise men of yore erected statues of their deities and consciously performed their part in life before those marble eyes. A god watched them at the board and stood by their bedside in the morning when they woke, and all about their ancient cities, where they bought and sold or where they piped and wrestled, there would stand some symbol of the things that are outside of man. These were lessors, delivered to the quiet dialect or art, which told their story faithfully, but gently. It is the same lesson, if you will—but how narrowly taught—when the woman you respect shall weep from your unkindness or blush with shame at your misconduct. To marry is to domesticate the recording angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.—R. L. Stevenson.

Out to Develop.
A little girl whose father is addicted to amateur photography attended a trial at court. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."

The Rich Do Not Whistle.
Very rich men never whistle; poor men always do. Bird songs are in the heart of the poor man.—Stephen B. Elkins.

An Old Joke.
Here is an ancient joke: "An Englishman and a Frenchman engaged to fight a duel in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman, who had taken refuge there." As told in France, the Englishman is up the chimney.

Eternity.
A Salvation Army preacher in one of his talks exclaimed to his hearers: "Eternity! Why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever and five or six everlasting atop of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity it would be a hundred thousand million of years to breakfast time."—London Express.

Stage Manager—Why didn't you go on when you got your cue, "Come forth?" Super—Ol was waitin' for the other three to go on first. Sure, an' how could Ol come fourth if I wait first?

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Behind the Scenes He Is, in a Manner, a Prisoner.

In a way, behind the scenes is a prisoner. It is surely one of the very few places where intelligent men and women are locked in their place of work and where no message from the outside world is allowed to reach them.

There is a tradition that actor folk are of unusually emotional temperament, and if therefore a telegram is received at the stage door it is never delivered until after the performance. The message might be an invitation to supper, or it might announce that the actor's favorite brother has been hanged, or it might be an offer in a stock company to play twelve times a week, or it might tell the actor that he was the father of twins or that his wife would die without seeing him, again unless he came at once to her bedside, but all of this information is supposed not to be good for the actor's emotional disposition, and the telegram is therefore given the same distinction as the "dash" note and kept until after the performance is finished. It cannot be said that the actor's emotional disposition is very seriously considered beyond the cast iron rule in regard to telegrams. His comfort and intelligence have been slightly flattered in a few theaters of very recent date, but for the most part the condition of behind the scenes in most playhouses is not calculated to breed particularly high thoughts of any kind. As a matter of fact, he is treated little better than when he was only a "strolling" player—a gypsy—several centuries ago.—Charles Belmont Davis in Outing Magazine.

"PLUG" TOBACCO.

An Old Farmer's Story of How the Name Originated.

In the jury room at the courthouse a few days ago an old time farmer said as he took a chew of tobacco:

"All the difference in the world in tobacco. I've tried twenty different kinds, and none is as good as that we used to make ourselves down on the farm. We would take a maple log white 'twixt green and bore a dozen holes in it with a two inch auger. They were our molds. We selected our choicest tobacco and soaked it for a week or more in wild honey. Then we'd take the leaf to the log, get a good lickery tamping stick and go to work."

"A little ball of the honey soaked tobacco would be put in the auger hole and tamped in with the stick and a hammer. We'd pound it in solid. Ball after ball would be rammed in and pounded until the whole became a solid plug. When the hole was nearly full, we would pound in the plug, and then the log would be put away to season. As the wood dried the moisture would be drawn from the tobacco. And when it was split the sweetest tobacco ever made was taken from it. We called it 'plug' tobacco, and that's where the name originated."—Kansas City Star.

Cat Laughter?
What was the origin of the phrase "Enough to make a cat laugh?" Dr. Murray's Dictionary notices only "Enough to make a cat speak," which is explained as signifying something extraordinary, especially something very good to drink. "Old liquor able to make a cat speak" is quoted from an early eighteenth century source, and therewith Stephano's remark to Caliban is compared, "Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat." Miss Squeers' maid-servant said that only to see Miss Squeers' friend, Miss Price, toss her head was "enough to make a tomat talk French grammar." But even that is not exactly laughing. Has it anything to do with the mythical Cheshire animal?—London Chronicle.

Dress in Old Massachusetts.
There was an ancient law in Massachusetts that ladies' dresses should be made long enough to hide their shoe buckles. In 1690 an act of the general court prohibited short sleeves and required garments to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists and gowns to the shoe buckles; "immoderate great breeches, knots of ribbon, broad shoulder bands, and they be, silk roses, double ruffs and cuffs" were forbidden. In the same colony, in 1833, J. Fairbanks was tried for wearing great boots, but was acquitted.

The Early Worm.
Entertaining a children's party at a certain millionaire's house in New York, a woman professional teller of stories to juveniles happened to employ the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." A little boy questioned the proverb promptly. "But wasn't the worm foolish?" he asked, "to get up early and be caught?" "My dear," said the story teller, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was just getting home."

The Lawyer (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testament)—"Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you."

Mr. Snarler—"Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?" The Sketch.

The Briber.
An important symptom of reform appears in the popular notion that the giver of a bribe belongs in the same jail with the taker.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FALL RIVER LINE
FARES REDUCED.
\$2.00 to New York.

For First Class Limited Tickets.

Reduced Rates to all Points West and South

Steamers Paritan and Providence

In commission.

A FINE ORCHESTRA ON BOARD.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days and Sundays, at 6:15 p.m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 10, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 5:30 p.m., due at Newport at 2:45 a.m., leaving there at 3:45 a.m., for Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 772 Broadway, N. Y. City, or at the New England Navigation Co., C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

The Mimeograph Copy.

"You never did approve of Miss Minton," said Rathbone, as he turned on the wheelbarrow of the firm. "You don't want any woman around the office, but I do not think it fair to charge her with theft just because she happens to be a woman."

"I don't say that she took the money," defended Griggs. "I said that I was sorry that she had departed from our rule and had taken a woman into the office."

"You might as well call her a thief as him at all," said Rathbone angrily. "You seem to champion Miss Minton's cause quite warmly," observed Griggs, with quite sarcasm. "Perhaps you are."

"I am in love with her," admitted Rathbone, as the other paused. "I love her and I am going to ask her to marry me when this thing is cleared up. I cannot ask her now, or she might think that I was pressing the advantage of my position."

"Perhaps afterward," began Griggs, then he stopped, for there was a look in his junior partner's eye that warned him he had gone too far, and with an impatient "You have charge of the office," he turned to his desk.

Things had been going badly with the firm. Not only were their business secrets known to competing firms, but several times lately there had been small thefts from the cash drawer.

Joseph Griggs had always been opposed to the employment of women in his office, and until Rathbone had bought into the firm there had been none employed. With Rathbone had come the woman stenographer, and after several trials he had settled upon Edith Minton, and for more than a year she had acted as his confidential clerk.

Until the leakage of information had commenced, Rathbone's methods had stirred the office to new life and business had boomed. But now their bids for contracts were beaten by a fraction and their plans foreseen and frustrated. Now even downright robbery had succeeded treachery and Rathbone was worried.

Griggs promptly recommended the dismissal of Miss Minton as the solution of the difficulty, but Rathbone was unwilling to agree to this. Not only was she an efficient worker, but he had grown to love the quiet, self-contained girl, and he would believe no wrong of her.

Edith looked up quickly as he entered his private office. "Has there been another leakage?" she asked quickly, as she caught sight of his troubled face. Rathbone shook his head.

"None that we know of," he said, "but you see there is such a mystery in the whole thing that I am bothered to death. Most of them have been employed here for years, and Mr. Griggs will not permit me to engage a detective to look them up after hours, and yet we shall be ruined unless we can reach some conclusion quickly. We are losing all our contracts, and in six or seven weeks we shall have to shut down."

"Is it so bad as that?" she asked. "I know that it was making trouble, but I did not suppose that there would be anything serious come of it."

"It's a serious thing when we cannot get an order," he explained. "You see, dealing only in large matters, we must get the big contract orders. I was making pretty good guesses until this thing came up, and now our bids are regularly one per cent. higher than the next one lowest."

"I knew that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

In the morning she was as fresh and bright as though she had not passed a sleepless night.

Rathbone collected her good humor and commented on it. She colored at his praise. Rathbone did not often pay compliments, but when he did he meant them.

Bob, too, seemed to approve of her appearance as he lounged into the office in the afternoon, and read his paper while Rathbone answered his mail. As he went out he tossed a note on her desk, and later on she read the warning to be at the restaurant on time.

"The old man is getting better," he wrote. "It seems that Rathbone almost called him a liar for saying that you gave out that stuff. Rath can't help you this trip. You will have to look to me."

She smiled as she placed it with the other, and went about her work with an eye on the door that she had not displayed the day before. She went straight home and Bob cooled his heels in vain. When she did not come he sought out his father, and in the morning there was a conference in the office, from which Rathbone emerged white to the lips. He had been ordered to dismiss Miss Minton and had refused.

That afternoon Bob was lounging by the window when his father burst in to the room.

"I was passing by," he shouted, "and I heard you dictating terms to this woman. After what I said this morning you would place her in the possession of the fresh facts for our competitors?"

"I told you then," said Rathbone hotly, "that I did not believe a word of the charge. I have control of the office and I shall employ whom I please."

"But I insist that this woman must go," he stormed.

"One moment," said Edith quietly. "May I ask you if you wish me to leave your employ because you suspect me of giving out information?"

"What you?" he shouted, "you've got in, that's all there is about it."

"But suppose," she asked, "I should show you the real offender?"

"If he echoed defiantly, "you can't show me. I'll be the first time I ever judged man or woman wrong."

"Ask your son to show you the paper he just took up from that pile," she said quietly. "I think you will find the explanation there."

"Nonsense," he stormed. "Bob has no paper."

"Ask him," she repeated. Something in her quiet manner impressed the old man and he turned to his son.

"Bob," he commanded, "what was that paper? Let us have it to show the young woman what a little fool she was."

"That piece of paper I just picked up?" he asked in surprise. "I was just fooling with it and chucked it out of the window."

"It does not matter," said Edith quietly. "There is a copy." Bob laughed.

"I don't see where," he said. "Produce it!"

The girl went quietly to the table by the window. It was a stand for the mimeograph, used to duplicate price lists and a pile of papers stood beside it. "I have noticed several times," she explained, "that while Mr. Griggs sat by the window he appeared to be making notes on the paper. I did not pay much attention to it until Mr. Rathbone spoke of the leakage in information, and I found that your son had a very small allowance for a man of his position."

"I knew that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

"I know that he must need money and that he could get it by selling his information to other houses. Whenever Mr. Rathbone dictated a bid he has copied off the figures and slipped them into his pocket," she said.

Forgot the Dinner.

Father Taylor, the sailor preacher of Boston, said when he was well on in years that he had never seen an unhappy day in his life. That a good share of this happiness was due to his wife Deborah is pleasantly illustrated, says the Youth's Companion, by the following stories told by Dr. Robert Collyer.

Father Taylor had the habit of good housewife can never quite put up with of bringing any number of friends home to take pot-luck, while for many a year the pot was not full to overflowing for chance and hungry guests of this sort.

One day among many such he rushed in, crying that a number of men were coming to dinner that day. It was a party of ministers. So "mother" gave him the money to rush out and get the provision. He came back presently with a long face and said:

"Mother, you must go and buy the dinner. I met a man. He was in great distress, so I gave him the ten dollars."

He greatly liked chicken prepared in "mother's" way, and with her own hands she always made the dish and had it ready when he came home from the watch-night meeting on the turn of the new year's morning. Once when they were far on in years, on the night-watch, she prepared the dish for him and the friends he would bring to the feast, a great and ample preparation. But as he came home from the meeting some one told him of a poor family at the North End in great destitution.

"Where are they?" he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

He found where they were housed, rushed home, found the dear good dish of chicken ready on the table for the supper, and took it in his hands to the poor place. Some members of his own household followed him, and when they arrived, there were the famishing children dancing in wonder and delight over the feast set on some apology for a table. "Mother" had to get "father" and the friends another supper; but this was no grief; she knew her man and had long ago turned her cross, if these things were a cross, into a crown.

Where are they? he cried.

Heroes of 1906.

The crop of American heroes for 1906 was a bumper one. Beginning with the Life Saving Service, a writer in the World's Work gives some figures which strike one's faith in human nature to an agreeable thrill of admiration.

During the twelve months ending June 30, 1906, 365 vessels flew the signal of distress within sight of our coasts. That is one disaster for every day of the year.

Of 4,089 persons whose lives were thus jeopardized, by shipwreck and fire, in summer gales and winter blizzards, all but 27 were saved by the service. Furthermore, 420 smaller craft were aided, containing 955 persons, only ten of whom were lost.

During the year 1906 nine members of the New York Fire Department were killed and 150 injured. Fortunately not all the heroes of the department were killed or injured, as these figures do not cover the question.

From the beginning of the operation of the Carnegie Hero Fund, April 15, 1904, to December 31, 1906, its agents have investigated 1,421 cases that were reported to it. Eliminating 542 cases in which the act was performed as a duty, 286 cases in which the act was performed before the fund became operative and 553 cases that either were not within the scope of the fund or were still under investigation, the agents have passed upon 63 cases of undoubted heroism. In every one of these 63 cases the agents got the testimony of eyewitnesses and sifted their evidence by means of the most rigorous tests.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

In 46 cases the rescue was from drowning. Of the remaining 17 cases two were rescues from electrocution, one from a fire (the case of "One Eyed" Mike O'Brien of New York, who beat the flames into a burning tenement by crawling along a narrow coping three stories above the pavement and rescued a sick woman and her children), four from mine disasters, one from a fallslike bite, six from suffocation, two from trains and one from an explosion. Not all were successful in their attempts to rescue; and in some cases the rescuer lost his own life in the effort.

These cases are distributed as follows: One each in Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, South Carolina and Virginia; two each in Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Maine; three each in Idaho and Massachusetts; five each in New York and Wisconsin; eight each in New Jersey and Ohio; thirteen in Pennsylvania; two in Ontario, one in Quebec and one in Saskatchewan.

Women's Dep't.

All Sensible Women anti-Suffragists.</

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Short and queries must be clearly and briefly stated. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. Transferring queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1907.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

III.

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

141. Mary Edwards, b. 3; 9 mo; 1722; m. 29; 5; 1742; Thomas Borden (Borden) Jr., both of Shrewsbury, at house of his father Francis Borden, in Shrewsbury N. J. as found on Friends records there.

Thomas, b. April 27, 1719, son of Francis who died in Shrewsbury N. J., April 6, 1759 (Francis, Richard).

Thomas Borden Jr. made his will, July 25, 1783; proved Sept. 6, 1783; recorded in Trenton N. J., in Liber 30, p. 93; thus:

"I, Thomas Borden of Shrewsbury, to wife Mary (Edwards) one bed and bedding sufficient for winter and summer, with all furniture belonging to it, also one chest with drawers, my wagon and two horses and gear, one cow and calf, all my tea ware and silver spoons, one half a dozen forks, six powder plates, one platter and basin, one iron pot, one kettle such as she chooses, four chairs, one frying pan, one pair of tongs and shovel, one table and my coat (Witchell), and after her decease I give my coat (Witchell) to my grand daughter, Mary Borden, daughter of my son Amos Borden, late of said town deceased." (Amos Borden married Rachel Wooley, daughter of Thomas and Rachel (White) Wooley, and they had Rebecca, Mary, Jeremiah, Amos, Thomas and Amos), "all the above articles I give to my said wife and her heirs forever; To my said wife I give my great Bible, and the use of my great Witchell, as aforesaid; To son Philip Borden and his heirs forever, one bed and furniture; To son Thomas Borden one book, entitled, Every Man His Own Lawyer, also give him the use of the lot bought of Thomas Chambers, to him during his life, providing he lives on it, but as soon as he moves off and quits it I give said lot to son Philip Borden; It is my intent that the fishing point called Chambers Point be for use and profit of son Thomas Borden; I direct all remainder of my movable estate to be sold for payment of my debts; To three grandsons Amos, Amos and Thomas Borden 5 pounds each as soon as they come to age of 25 years" (sons of Amos aforesaid); My movable estate not being enough to pay my debts, my will be, that so much of my lands be sold as will pay all my just debts and legacies, by my executors hereafter named; they to make a good title in fee simple to my purchaser of those lands by me directed to be sold as will pay all just debts and legacies, and all remainder of lands I give said son Thomas Borden and his heirs forever; To son Philip Borden my wearing apparel; I appoint my said son Thomas Borden, Thomas Morford (who married Rebecca West, dau. John and Meribah (Slocum) West, son of James West and Ann (Wing), son of Joseph, John, Bartholomew, Matthew West, John Scott, (son of Samuel Scott), executors. Witnesses—Maurice de Haert Jr., Ann Webber, her mark, John Hance; 142. Philip Edwards, b. 28; 11; 1723; died young.

143. Naomi Edwards, b. 6; 25; 1723; says Friends records of Shrewsbury, N. J.

144. Margaret Edwards, to have 50 pounds when 16 years old by will of her father, she to have the lands bequeathed her brother Philip Edwards if he die at 21 years or have no children of his own.

(To be continued.)

QUAKER FAMILIES OF R. I.

Continued.

HUNT.

Adam Hunt, a pioneer of the Friends' Settlement at the "New Jerusalem" in Yates Co., N. Y., was b. in R. I., and married Mary Austin, also of Rhode Island. They settled near Mito Center, on 25 acres, the deed from David Wagoner dated "the thirteenth of the tenth month 1761." They were favorites among the Friends, and meetings were held at their house for many years. Adam d. 1806, aged 70. Their children were:

Sam, married Silas Mapes; lived and died at Mito, left no children. Silas, b. 1764, married Hannah Fisher, b. 1758, settled next the paternal homestead and added several hundred acres. He was a man of great industry and thrift, and it is told of him that his father offered him a log chain he greatly needed if he would go to R. I. He went, and returned on foot, bringing the chain. He died 1834 aged 69, and his wife in 1830 aged 62. Their five children were:

Silas Jr. b. 1783, m. Nancy, dau. of Deacon Isaac Mapes of Mito; lived at homestead where he d. 1833. His wife d. 1834, aged 83. Their Adam, b. 1828, a prosperous farmer, who built in 1848 a fine new mansion on the site where his ancestors settled. He married (1) Mary Jane, dau. of James H. Norris, who d. 1850 aged 24. He married (2) Maria C. dau. of David Jougwell, b. 1828, and had James; Mary J.; Adeline A.; and Selia C.—L. B. C. To be continued.

QUERIES.

6344. TALLMAN—Benjamin Tallman of Portsmouth, R. I. married Sept. 22, 1708, Patience Durfee. Who were his ancestors? He had a son William. What became of him?—F. L.

6344. DURFEE—Who were the parents of Patience Durfee, who married above Benjamin Tallman?—F. L.

6345. FISH—What was the name of

the Mr. Fish, who married Mary, daughter of Benjamin Tallman? She was mentioned in her father's will, dated July 5, 1755, proved Aug. 13, 1759.—F. L.

6346. PECKHAM—Whom did Stephen Peckham, son of Isaac, marry? He is mentioned in a deed dated Middletown, R. I. 1764—M. P.

6347. BALL—Can anyone give me the ancestry of Elizabeth Ball, who married, Sept. 15, 1787, Peter Peckham? He died in 1828; issue of Providence Journal, Aug. 28, 1828.—A. H.

6348. FAIR—Who was Dinah, wife of Barnabas Fair of Dorchester, Mass.? She died 7, 27, 1642.—M. N.

6349. STOWE—Who were the ancestors of Thomas Stowe, mentioned in will of Rachel Bligg of Dorchester as her nephew?—M. N.

6350. STANTON—Can anyone give me the children, with dates, of Ethan Stanton, of Pittsfield, Mass.? He married Nancy, daughter of Henry and (Cynthia) (Lewis) Stanton. There was one son, Charles, but I do not know if he married and had children, or if he was the only son. Cynthia Lewis was daughter of Capt. Elijah Lewis, of the Revolutionary Army, and I want to find some descendants, if possible.—C. S.

6351. TAYLOR—Hannah, daughter of above Henry and Cynthia Stanton married Constant Taylor, of Westerly, R. I. Would like a list of their children, or the name of any descendant. Hannah was born 1787, died Sept. 9, 1843. Constant Taylor was son of Samuel and Rebecca (Grandall) Taylor, and was born 1786, died July 24, 1847.—C. S.

Middletown.

Rev. Latta Griswold is spending his Easter vacation at Arkon, S. C., as guest of Mrs. Grosvenor.

Rev. John B. Diman has divided his vacation between New York, Newport and Providence and will conduct the services at the Berkeley Chapel on Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Sturtevant of New Bedford is spending her vacation with her sister, Miss Lottie Sturtevant.

It is a source of great satisfaction to the people of the Middletown Methodist church that Rev. Mr. Critchlow has accepted the call to remain a second year, as he and his wife are universally liked.

Newport County Pomona Grange No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, will hold their next regular meeting with Agri-neck Grange, Middletown, at the town hall on Tuesday of next week. The Lecturer's hour which begins at 2 p. m. and is open to the public, will include a fine musical program; the reading of the two prize essays on "The Pleasures of Life—Of what should they consist, and are they a necessity or a luxury?" and the subject of "Weather Forecasting" which will be taken up by Professor Gilbert Tolman of Kingston College.

While attempting to use crutches for the first time, on Saturday Mr. Charles A. Peckham who has been suffering for the past 8 weeks from a broken leg, received a bad fall, bruising the injured leg severely. Upon looking a consultation of doctors on Tuesday it was decided that an x-ray photograph would have to be taken of his knee, (which was also injured at the time of the first accident) in order to be able to reset it as the swelling has been too great to permit of having anything done to it as yet. The leg and foot are still very crooked and may have to be reset.

Rev. James A. Conover, of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., who was to have assumed charge at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday last, for two weeks, was successfully operated upon last Thursday at St. Margaret's Hospital, Boston, for appendicitis. When he becomes convalescent he will be removed to his summer home here, "The Coit Cottage" on 2nd Beach Road, where he will be joined by Mrs. Conover and his children.

The dramatic entertainment by "The Ronkonkoma Dramatic Club," consisted of four short plays presented with an excellent cast under the efficient direction of Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham, and included "The Marble Arch," "A Fair of Lunatics," "Sunset" and "Improving a Husband." The size of the stage had been materially increased by addition at the side and the attractiveness of the stage setting was heightened by the artistic arrangement of ferns, flowering plants, and cut flowers. The plays were cleverly rendered, the costumes exceptionally good and the audience large and appreciative, the hall being entirely filled. A goodly sum was realized which will be used for the further benefit of the Club who propose to bring out other plays in June. Middletown has much real talent as has been shown in a number of very successful previous plays. The Harry K. Howard orchestra, of three pieces, furnished music during the evening, also for the dancing which followed the close of the entertainment.

Aquidneck Grange held its regular meeting Thursday evening at the town hall, some 40 members being present. The evening was devoted to the conferring of degrees and to the subjects, "Are the Farmers of To-day Happier than they were Fifty Years Ago?" which subject was presented by its oldest lady member, Mrs. E. C. Peckham. The matter was decided in the negative.

Mr. William P. Manchester died unexpectedly at his home on Slate Hill on Thursday. Although his health had not been good for some time a fatal termination was not expected and was a great shock to his relatives and friends. He was a prominent resident of the town where he had spent nearly his entire life. Besides a widow he leaves two brothers and one sister.

Jamestown.

At the financial town meeting held on Saturday there was a comparatively small attendance and not a great deal of interest appeared to be taken by the taxpayers. A number of important matters were up for consideration and favorable action was taken.

Various annual reports were read and received. The report of the commission to investigate into the town's rights to the road around Bearwater was received and a resolution was passed to appropriate \$2000 for the purchase of Joseph Wharton's interests in all lands south of the north line of Wales avenue.

There was considerable discussion on the resolution to appropriate \$4000 and to authorize the town council to accept the wharf property at Coanacott Hill

"The" Carpet Store.

All Sorts of Floor Coverings

We've spent a great many toilsome hours perfecting this branch of our big store. Every season has shown us faults to be corrected and newer and better ways to be adopted—it's all to get your trade, of course. This season has carried us a long way nearer perfection; increased patronage shows your appreciation of it.

You enjoy the vastness of the halls, where a dozen or more carpets can be matched at once for comparison.

You feel a confidence in making your selections where the variety is so great.

You are made perfectly at ease by the assurance of the clerk that it isn't a bit of trouble, and he'll haul down every roll in the house than have you go away disappointed.

You are pleased in each instance with the fineness of the price and the fact that there are no "extras"; the price always means laid in your home.

Carpet selling with us is a pleasure; and we try to simplify as much as possible your task of selecting. If you've a carpet to buy let us try to help you. If we fail there's no harm done. If we succeed you'd gain as well as we. From mills to you if you buy here, you know.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and

Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for

property in this section. If you wish to dispose

of yours kindly let us know.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



How many times a day do you go up and down stairs on errands that could be more easily and more quickly done if you had

An Extension Set in the Kitchen?

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

and put the same in proper condition. This also was passed.

The town lights were ordered used the entire year, the town council was authorized to purchase 500 feet of fire hose, and an appropriation of \$150 was made for public band concerts during the summer. The town's representatives in the General Assembly were directed to secure the passage of an act increasing the board of tax assessors from three to five members. The salary of the town clerk was raised from \$150 to \$300. The town treasurer was authorized to hire \$10,000 in anticipation of taxes and to renew the note of \$10,000 falling due in May. The tax rate was fixed at 90 cents on each \$100, the same as last year.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Thomas H. Latham of this town to Miss Ida M. Eggleston of Newport.

The Future of Industrials.

If railroad stocks of well-established value can decline from 80 to 50 points and over in a few weeks, showing an estimated depreciation of \$2,000,000,000, what must be expected of our industrials when reactionary influences strike them?

Our railroads are in a much stronger position than our industrials or trusts. They contain comparatively little water in their securities, since the country has grown up to much of the overcapitalization injected at the time of their construction. Moreover, railroad shares will probably be less exposed in the future to hostile legislation than in the past, provided no flagrant abuses are again developed; while experience shows that even in dull seasons railroads suffer less from loss of business than other departments of industry.

Not so with our industrials. The great majority of these are grossly overcapitalized; some of them to three or four times their original value. Abnormal activity in business at high prices has enabled them to earn unexpected dividends from their fictitious stock, and hence we have a degree of inflation in this class of securities never dreamed of or never possible in railroad shares. What will happen to the shares of these concerns when business retards and dividends are cut down or stopped altogether? Yet the probability of business contraction is not the most serious menace. Many of these organizations are largely benefited by the tariff, against which there is a growing hostility that is sure to be intensified by business reaction. Other industrials are strongly monopolistic in their character, and consequently exposed to renewed anti-trust agitation. Others again are largely dependent upon our patent laws, which, owing to abuses, have become another form of legislative favoritism to corporations and which in time must go through an unpleasant period of correction.

It is quite evident, therefore, that under present conditions of public opinion the industrials are in a much weaker situation than the railroads. They must take the brunt of business reaction when it comes, as well as a renewal of political attacks which are sure to be stimulated by changed business conditions and the forthcoming presidential campaign. The unfortunate fact is that the industrials are much less able to withstand such attacks than the railroads. The sensitiveness of the latter to public opinion and reactionary influences at a time when traffic was the heaviest on record suggests what might happen to the trusts when their turn comes.—New York Journal of Commerce.

No Traffic War.

In official quarters the statement has been made in unqualified terms that there will be no traffic war in the steamship business between New York and New England ports. While there was no positive statement made that a clear and definite understanding existed between Charles W. Morse and President Mellen, of the New Haven, it was announced that so far as the Morse lines are concerned their managers will do nothing to antagonize the New Haven's marine department, says the New York Herald. The purchase of the two ships of the Joy line is now considered the first step in placing into effect a trade agreement and understanding on coastwise traffic between New York and New England ports. The Joy line is controlled indirectly by the New Haven and is operated through a company the dominant interests in which are identical with the New England Navigation Co., the stock of which is owned by the New Haven. The Joy line's outside business to Boston has been a thorn in the side of the Metropolitan Steamship Co., which was bought by the Morse steamship syndicate nearly two years ago. The removal of the two boats controlled by the Joy line from the Boston-New York service will leave the Metropolitan line in possession of that field and traffic will be interchanged at the terminal points between the New Haven and the Morse lines.

The weather has been backward and unseasonable all over the country. When the baseball season opened this week all the teams of the big leagues experienced decided difficulty in putting up a good game because of the wintry aspect of the weather.

Chicago must look to its laurels. The Strand Magazine publishes the following advertisement of a maker of pickles: "During the year of 1905 126,000 visitors passed through our plant."—Punch.

The New Game

BLOCK.

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

FALL RIVER LINE

FARES REDUCED.

\$2.00 to New York.

For First Class Limited Tickets. Reduced Rates to all

Points West and South

Steamers Priscilla and Puritan

In commission.

A FINE ORCHESTRA ON EACH.

LEAVE NEWPORT: Week days and Sun-

days, at 9 a. m. Returning, New

York Steamers leave Pier 19, North River,

Foot of Warren Street, week days and Sun-

days, at 3 p. m., due at Newport at 2 a. m., leaving there at 2 a. m. For Fall

River.

For tickets and statements apply at New

York & Boston Dispatch Express Office, 271

Thames Street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

The New England Navigation Co.,

C. O. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.

Probate Court of the Town of New

Shoreham, R. I., April 13, 1907.

Estate of Berthebe D. Ball.

LILLIE ROSS, one of the heirs-at-law of said Berthebe D. Ball, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, having filed with her petition, praying that letters of administration on said estate may be granted to her, said Lillie Ross, of said town, or some other person, before me, Notary Public, duly sworn, and after reading said petition to all persons interested, that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate of New Shoreham, at the Town Hall in said town, on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1907, at two o'clock p. m., at which time and place they may appear if they see fit, and be heard in relation to the same.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 13, 1907.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of SILAS N. LITTLE, REPEL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

ISABELLA LITTLEFIELD, Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 13, 1907.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of JOHN E. LITTLEFIELD, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

ISABELLA LITTLEFIELD, Executrix.

Probate Court of the Town of New

Shoreham, R. I., April 13, 1907.

Estate of John Roberts.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator of the estate of John Roberts, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents this final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains credit of the sale of real estate, and the same is received, and referred to the 6th day of May, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,

March 13, A. D. 1907.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Guardian of the person and estate of

HAZEL BRENTON FARD, minor, presents to this Court her petition, in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of an undivided one-eighth part and interest in two tracts of land situated in said Middletown and bounded thus:

The first tract is located on Prospect avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about ten acres and is bounded North by Prospect avenue and land of late George E. Ward; West by land of David Peabody; South by land of the heirs of John Peckham, and East, by land of Arnold B. Smith, or however bounded.

The second tract is located on Paradise avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about four acres and is bounded North by land of Frederick Barker, and on the East by land of said Barker; North, by land of Edward J. Peckham, and West by Paradise avenue, or however otherwise bounded, and praying that she may be authorized and empowered to sell the interest of her said ward in said described two parcels of real estate in private sale, for not less than Four Hundred Dollars, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of April next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,

March 13, A. D. 1907.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Guardian of the person and estate of

ROSEMARY FOWLER WARD, minor, presents to this Court her petition, in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of an undivided one-eighth part and interest in two tracts of land situated in said Middletown and bounded thus:

The first tract is located on Prospect avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about ten acres and is bounded North by Prospect avenue and land of late George E. Ward; West by land of David Peabody; South, by land of the heirs of John Peckham, and East, by land of Arnold B. Smith, or however bounded.

The second tract is located on Paradise avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about four acres and is bounded North by land of Frederick Barker, and on the East by land of said Barker; North, by land of Edward J. Peckham, and West by Paradise avenue, or however otherwise bounded, and praying that she may be authorized and empowered to sell the interest of her said ward in said described two parcels of real estate in private sale, for not less than Four Hundred Dollars, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of April next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

No. 1192.

REPORT

OF THE condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business

March 22, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts \$312,156 11

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 2,023 33

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 10,000 00

Premium on U. S. Bonds 2,550 00

Bonds, securities, etc. 166,250 00

Banking-house, furniture and fixtures 12,000 00

Due from National Banks (not reserve agents) 2 00

Due from State Banks and Bankers 228 92

Due from approved reserve agents 8,225 75

Exchanges for clearing house 1,800 00

Notes of other National Banks 1,210 41

Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents 492 02

Total \$633,041 41

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in \$100,000 00

Surplus fund 65,000 00

Undivided profits, less expenses 16,014 42

National Bank notes outstanding 106,230 00

Dividends unpaid 1,147 60

Individual deposits subject to check 242,555 42

Certified checks 251 47

Cashier's checks outstanding 6,220 25

Total \$633,041 42

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Henry C. Stevens, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HENRY C. STEVENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March, 1907.

HAROLD A. CHASE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Henry Burt, Albert K. Sierman, G. P. Taylor, Directors.

FURNISHED COTTAGES

TO RENT AT